WIT & HUMOR OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Gathered From Authentic Sources

BY
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LINCOLN CHRONOLOGY

1806—Marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, June 12th, Washington County, Kentucky.

1809—Born February 12th, Hardin (now La Rue County), Kentucky.

1816—Family Removed to Perry County, Indiana.

1818—Death of Abraham's Mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

1819—Second Marriage Thomas Lincoln; Married Sally Bush Johnston, December 2d, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

1830—Lincoln Family Removed to Illinois, Locating in Macon County.

1831—Abraham Located at New Salem.

1832—Abraham a Captain in the Black Hawk War.

1833—Appointed Postmaster at New Salem.

1834—Abraham as a Surveyor. First Election to the Legislature.

1835—Love Romance with Anne Rutledge.

1836—Second Election to the Legislature.

1837—Licensed to Practice Law.

1838—Third Election to the Legislature.

1840—Presidential Elector on Harrison Ticket. Fourth Election to the Legislature.

1842—Married November 4th, to Mary Todd. "Duel" with General Shields.

1843—Birth of Robert Todd Lincoln, August 1st.

1846—Elected to Congress. Birth of Edward Baker Lincoln, March 10th.

1848—Delegate to the Philadelphia National Convention.

LINCOLN CHRONOLOGY

1850—Birth of William Wallace Lincoln, December 2d.

1853—Birth of Thomas Lincoln, April 4th.

1856—Assists in Formation Republican Party.

1858—Joint Debater with Stephen A. Douglas. Defeated for the United States Senate.

1860—Nominated and Elected to the Presidency.

1861—Inaugurated as President, March 4th.

1863—Issued Emancipation Proclamation.

1864—Reëlected to the Presidency.

1865—Assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, April 14th. Died April 15th. Remains Interred at Springfield, Illinois, May 4th.

WIT AND HUMOR OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

INTRODUCTORY

Whenever Abraham Lincoln wanted to make a strong point he usually began by saying, "Now, that reminds me of a story." And when he had told the story every one saw the point and was put into a good humor.

Before Lincoln was ever heard of as a lawyer or politician, he was famous as a story teller. As a politician, he always had a story to fit the other side; as a lawyer, he won many cases by telling the jury a story which showed them the justice of his side better than any argument could have done.

While nearly all of Lincoln's stories have a humorous side, they also contain a moral, which every good story should have.

They contain lessons that could be taught so well in no other way. Every one of them is a sermon. Lincoln, like the Man of Galilee, spoke to the people in parables.

Nothing that can be written about Lincoln can show his character in such a true light as the yarns and stories he was so fond of telling, and at which he would laugh as heartily as anyone.

For a man whose life was so full of great responsi-

bilities, Lincoln had many hours of laughter when the humorous, fun-loving side of his great nature asserted itself.

Every person to keep healthy ought to have one good hearty laugh every day. Lincoln did, and the stories at which he laughed will continue to furnish laughter to all who appreciate good humor, with a moral point and spiced with that true philosophy bred in those who live close to nature and to the people around them.

Of all the Presidents of the United States, and indeed of all the great statesmen who have made their indelible impress upon the policy of the Republic, Abraham Lincoln stands out single and alone in his individual qualities. He had little experience in statesmanship when he was called to the Presidency. He had only a few years of service in the State Legislature of Illinois, and a single term in Congress ending twelve years before he became President, but he had to grapple with the gravest problems ever presented to the statesmanship of the nation for solution, and he met each and all of them in turn with the most consistent mastery, and settled them so successfully that all have stood unquestioned until the present time, and are certain to endure while the Republic lives.

In this he surprised not only his own cabinet and the leaders of his party who had little confidence in him when he first became President, but equally surprised the country and the world.

He was patient, tireless and usually silent when great conflicts raged about him to solve the appalling problems which were presented at various stages of the war for determination, and when he reached his conclusion

he was inexorable. The wrangles of faction and the jostling of ambition were compelled to bow when Lincoln had determined upon his line of duty.

He was much more than a statesman; he was one of the most sagacious politicians, although he was entirely unschooled in the machinery by which political results are achieved. His judgment of men was next to unerring, and when results were to be attained he knew the men who should be assigned to the task, and he rarely made a mistake.

Lincoln's public acts are familiar to every school boy of the nation, but his personal attributes, which are so strangely distinguished from the attributes of other great men, are now the most interesting study of young and old throughout our land, and there can be no more acceptable presentation to the public than a compilation of anecdotes and incidents pertaining to the life of the greatest of all our Presidents.

LINCOLN'S LOVE OF HUMOR

It was once said of Shakespeare that the great mind that conceived the tragedies of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," etc., would have lost its reason if it had not found vent in the sparkling humor of such comedies as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Comedy of Errors."

The great strain on the mind of Abraham Lincoln produced by four years of civil war might likewise have overcome his reason had it not found vent in the yarns and stories he constantly told. No more fun-loving or humor-loving man than Abraham Lincoln ever lived. He enjoyed a joke even when it was on himself, and probably, while he got his greatest enjoyment from tell-

ing stories, he had a keen appreciation of the humor in those that were told him.

His favorite humorous writer was David R. Locke, better known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," whose political satires were quite famous in their day. Nearly every prominent man who has written his recollections of Lincoln has told how the President, in the middle of a conversation on some serious subject, would suddenly stop and ask his hearer if he ever read the Nasby letters.

Then he would take from his desk a pamphlet containing the letters and proceed to read them, laughing heartily at all the good points they contained. There is probably no better evidence of Mr. Lincoln's love of humor and appreciation of it than his letter to Nasby, in which he said: "For the ability to write these things I would gladly trade places with you."

LINCOLN'S LOVE AFFAIRS

Previous to his marriage Mr. Lincoln had two love affairs, one of them so serious that it left an impression upon his whole future life. One of the objects of his affection was Miss Mary Owen, of Green county, Kentucky, who decided that Mr. Lincoln "was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness." The affair ended without any damage to Mr. Lincoln's heart or the heart of the lady.

STORY OF ANNE RUTLEDGE

Lincoln's first love, however, had a sad termination. The object of his affections at that time was Anne Rutledge, whose father was one of the founders

of New Salem. Like Miss Owen, Miss Rutledge was also born in Kentucky, and was gifted with the beauty and graces that distinguish many Southern women. At the time that Mr. Lincoln and Anne Rutledge were engaged to be married, he thought himself too poor to properly support a wife, and they decided to wait until such time as he could better his financial condition. A short time thereafter Miss Rutledge was attacked with a fatal illness, and her death was such a blow to her intended husband that for a long time his friends feared that he would lose his mind.

MARRIES A SPRINGFIELD BELLE

Among the social belles of Springfield was Mary Todd, a handsome and cultivated girl of illustrious descent which could be traced back to the sixth century, to whom Mr. Lincoln was married in 1842. Stephen A. Douglas was his competitor in love as well as in politics. He courted Mary Todd until it became evident that she preferred Mr. Lincoln.

Mrs. Lincoln was of the average height, weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds. She was rather compactly built, had a well rounded face, rich dark-brown hair, and bluish-gray eyes. In her bearing she was proud, but handsome and vivacious; she was a good conversationalist, using with equal fluency the French and English languages.

When she used a pen, its point was sure to be sharp, and she wrote with wit and ability. She not only had a quick intellect but an intuitive judgment of men and their motives. Ordinarily she was affable and even

charming in her manners; but when offended or antagonized she could be very bitter and sarcastic.

In her figure and physical proportions, in education, bearing, temperament, history — in everything she was the exact reverse of Lincoln.

That Mrs. Lincoln was very proud of her husband there is no doubt; and it is probable that she married him largely from motives of ambition. She knew Lincoln better than he knew himself; she instinctively felt that he would occupy a proud position some day, and it is a matter of record that she told Ward Lamon, her husband's law partner, that "Mr. Lincoln will yet be President of the United States."

Mrs. Lincoln was decidedly pro-slavery in her views, but this never disturbed Lincoln. In various ways they were unlike. Her fearless, witty, and austere nature had nothing in common with the calm, imperturbable, and simple ways of her thoughtful and absent-minded husband. She was bright and sparkling in conversation, and fit to grace any drawing-room. She well knew that to marry Lincoln meant not a life of luxury and ease, for Lincoln was not a man to accumulate wealth; but in him she saw position in society, prominence in the world, and the grandest social distinction. By that means her ambition was certainly satisfied, for nineteen years after her marriage she was "the first lady of the land," and the mistress of the White House.

After his marriage, by dint of untiring efforts and the recognition of influential friends, the couple managed through rare frugality to move along. In Lincoln's struggles, both in the law and for political advancement, his wife shared his sacrifices. She was a plucky little woman, and in fact endowed with a more restless am-

bition than he. She was gifted with a rare insight into the motives that actuate mankind, and there is no doubt that much of Lincoln's success was in a measure attributable to her acuteness and the stimulus of her influence.

His election to Congress within four years after their marriage afforded her extreme gratification. She loved power and prominence, and was inordinately proud of her tall and ungainly husband. She saw in him bright prospects ahead, and his every move was watched by her with the closest interest. If to other persons he seemed homely, to her he was the embodiment of noble manhood, and each succeeding day impressed upon her the wisdom of her choice of Lincoln over Douglas — if in reality she ever seriously accepted the latter's attentions.

"Mr. Lincoln may not be as handsome a figure," she said one day in Lincoln's law office during her husband's absence, when the conversation turned on Douglas, "but the people are perhaps not aware that his heart is as large as his arms are long."

TELLING STORIES ON THE CIRCUIT

The court circuit in those days was the scene of many a story-telling joust, in which Lincoln was always the chief. Frequently he would sit up until after midnight reeling off story after story, each one followed by roars of laughter that could be heard all over the country tavern, in which the story-telling group was gathered. Every type of character would be represented in these groups, from the learned judge on the bench down to the village loafer.

Lincoln's favorite attitude was to sit with his long legs propped up on the rail of the stove, or with his feet against the wall, and thus he would sit for hours entertaining a crowd, or being entertained.

One circuit judge was so fond of Lincoln's stories that he often would sit up until midnight listening to them, and then declare that he had laughed so much he believed his ribs were shaken loose.

GAINS FAME AS A STORY-TELLER

It was about this time, too, that Lincoln's fame as a story-teller began to spread far and wide. His sayings and his jokes were repeated throughout that section of the country, and he was famous as a story-teller before anyone ever heard of him as a lawyer or a politician.

"CAPTAIN LINCOLN" PLEASED HIM

When the Blackhawk War broke out, Lincoln was one of the first to respond to Governor Reynolds' call for a thousand mounted volunteers to assist the United States troops in driving Blackhawk back across the Mississippi. Lincoln enlisted in the company from Sangamon county and was elected captain. He often remarked that this gave him greater pleasure than anything that had happened in his life up to this time. He had, however, no opportunities in this war to perform any distinguished service.

Upon his return from the Blackhawk War, in which, as he said afterward, in a humorous speech, when in Congress, that he "fought, bled and came away," he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature. This

was the only time in his life, as he himself has said, that he was ever beaten by the people. Although defeated, in his own town of New Salem he received all of the two hundred and eight votes cast except three.

FAILURE AS A BUSINESS MAN

One of Lincoln's business ventures was with William Berry in a general store, under the firm name of Lincoln & Berry, but it did not take long to show that he was not adapted for a business career. The firm failed, Berry died and the debts of the firm fell entirely upon Lincoln. Many of these debts he might have escaped legally, but he assumed them all and it was not until fifteen years later that the last indebtedness of Lincoln & Berry was discharged. During his membership in this firm he had applied himself to the study of law, beginning at the beginning, that is with Blackstone. Now that he had nothing to do he spent much of his time lying under the shade of a tree poring over law books, borrowed from a comrade in the Blackhawk War, who was then a practicing lawyer at Springfield.

HIS POOR RELATIONS

One of the most beautiful traits of Mr. Lincoln's character was his considerate regard for the poor and obscure relatives he had left, plodding along in their humble ways of life. Wherever upon his circuit he found them, he always went to their dwellings, ate with them, and, when convenient, made their houses his home. He never assumed in their presence the slightest superiority to them. He gave them money when

they needed it and he had it. Countless times he was known to leave his companions at the village hotel, after a hard day's work in the court-room, and spend the evening with these old friends and companions of his humbler days. On one occasion, when urged not to go, he replied, "Why, Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her;" yet, he was obliged to walk several miles to make the call.

DESERTER'S SINS WASHED OUT IN BLOOD

This was the reply made by Lincoln to an application for the pardon of a soldier who had shown himself brave in war, had been severely wounded, but afterward deserted:

"Did you say he was once badly wounded?

"Then, as the Scriptures say that in the shedding of blood is the remission of sins, I guess we'll have to let him off this time."

BOOKS READ BY LINCOLN IN HIS EARLY LIFE

The books which Abraham had the early privilege of reading were the Bible, much of which he could repeat, "Æsop's Fables," all of which he could repeat, "Pilgrim's Progress," Weem's "Life of Washington," and a "Life of Henry Clay," which his mother had managed to purchase for him. Subsequently he read the "Life of Franklin" and Ramsay's "Life of Washington." In these books, read and re-read, he found

meat for his hungry mind. The Holy Bible, Æsop and John Bunyan — could three better books have been chosen for him from the richest library?

For those who have witnessed the dissipating effects of many books upon the minds of modern children, it is not hard to believe that Abraham's poverty of books was the wealth of his life. These three books did much to perfect that which his mother's teaching had begun, and to form a character which, for quaint simplicity, earnestness, truthfulness and purity, has never been surpassed among the historic personages of the world. The "Life of Washington," while it gave him a lofty example of patriotism, incidentally conveyed to his mind a general knowledge of American history; and the "Life of Henry Clay" spoke to him of a living man who had risen to political and professional eminence from circumstances almost as humble as his own.

The latter book undoubtedly did much to excite his taste for politics, to kindle his ambition, and to make him a warm admirer and partisan of Henry Clay.

LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH

Lincoln made his first speech when he was a mere boy, going barefoot, his trousers held up by one suspender, and his shock of hair sticking through a hole in the crown of his cheap straw hat.

"Abe," in company with Dennis Hanks, attended a political meeting, which was addressed by a typical stump speaker — one of those loud-voiced fellows who shouted at the top of his voice and waved his arms wildly.

At the conclusion of the speech, which did not meet the views either of "Abe" or Dennis, the latter declared that "Abe" could make a better speech than that. Whereupon he got a dry-goods box and called on "Abe" to reply to the campaign orator.

Lincoln threw his old straw hat on the ground, and, mounting the dry-goods box, delivered a speech which held the attention of the crowd and won him considerable applause. Even the campaign orator admitted that it was a fine speech and answered every point in his own "oration."

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER

Two things were essential to his success in managing a case. One was time; the other was a feeling of confidence in the justice of the cause he represented.

He used to say: "If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it."

The following reply was overheard in Lincoln's law-office, where he was in conversation with a man who appeared to have a case that Lincoln did not desire: "Yes," he said, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge

you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

LINCOLN AND THE BRAGGART

James Larkins was a great hand to brag on anything he owned. This time it was his horse. He stepped up before Abe, who was in a crowd, and commenced talking to him, boasting all the while of his animal.

"I have got the best horse in the country," he shouted to his young listener. "I ran him nine miles in exactly three minutes, and he never fetched a long breath."

"I presume," said Abe, rather dryly, "he fetched a good many short ones though."

INCIDENT IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR

An old Indian strayed, hungry and helpless, into the camp one day. The soldiers were conspiring to kill him as a spy.

A letter from General Cass, recommending him, for his past kind and faithful service to the whites, the trembling old savage drew from beneath the folds of his blankets; but failed in any degree to appease the wrath of the men who confronted him. "Make an example of him," they exclaimed; "the letter is a forgery, and he is a spy."

They might have put their threats into execution had not the tall form of their captain, his face swarthy

with resolution and rage, interposed itself between them and their defenseless victim.

Lincoln's determined look and demand that it must not be done were enough. They sullenly desisted, and the Indian, unmolested, continued on his way.

KICKED OUT OF BED

Dr. C. S. Richardson, now a resident of Indianapolis, met Lincoln at Charleston when the doctor was engaged in dentistry in the early 50's.

"Mr. Lincoln came to my boarding-house," writes Dr. Richardson, "and our acquaintance soon became close and friendly. Mr. Lincoln made Charleston his headquarters during important court sessions. When the city was very crowded Mr. Lincoln and I bunked together to accommodate our landlady.

"On one such occasion 'Abe' partook too much of extra strong corn beef and fricasseed honey cakes and other rambunctious dainties with inclinations toward nightmare. Suddenly he planted his No. 10's square in the middle of my back and knocked me out of the four-poster to the center of the dingy bedroom.

"Not to be outdone, I tiptoed downstairs, drew a bucketful of water and dashed the water square in the snoring countenance of Abraham Linclon. He slammed the door in my face and left me to sleep on the rug just outside the door."

WELL WORTH THE MONEY

During the early years of his career as a lawyer, Abraham Lincoln traveled the old Eighth Circuit in central Illinois. Lincoln and Judge David Davis were

fast friends from the beginning, and the judge always showed a keen appreciation of Lincoln's stories.

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says a man who was a clerk of court in Lincoln's day. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk, had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out in a loud laugh. The judge called me to order, saying, 'This must be stopped. Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.'

"Then he said to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars.' I apologized to the court, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge called me to him. 'What was that story Lincoln told you?' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

A NOTED HORSE TRADE IN WHICH LINCOLN CONFESSED HE GOT THE WORST OF IT

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25.

At the hour appointed, the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and

both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

THE UGLIEST MAN

Mr. Lincoln enjoyed a joke at his own expense. Said he: "In the days when I used to be in the circuit, I was accosted in the cars by a stranger, who said, 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished.

"The stranger took a jacknife from his pocket. 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I had found a man uglier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

NO VICES — FEW VIRTUES

Riding at one time in the stage, with an old Kentuckian who was returning from Missouri, Lincoln excited the old gentleman's surprise by refusing to accept either of tobacco or French brandy.

When they separated that afternoon, the Kentuckian to take another stage bound for Louisville, he shook hands warmly with Lincoln, and said good-humoredly, "See here, stranger, you're a clever but strange companion. I may never see you again, and I don't want to offend you, but I want to say this: My experience

has taught me that a man who has no vices has d——d few virtues. Good-day."

Lincoln enjoyed this reminiscence of his journey, and took great pleasure in relating it.

LINCOLN'S PROPHECY

An old copy-book of Lincoln's has the following written when he was fourteen years old:

> "'Tis Abraham Lincoln holds the pen,
> He will be good, but God knows when!"

"DONE WITH THE BIBLE"

Lincoln never told a better story than this:

A country meeting-house, that was used once a month, was quite a distance from any other house.

The preacher, an old-line Baptist, was dressed in coarse linen pantaloons, and shirt of the same material. The pants, manufactured after the old fashion, with baggy legs, and a flap in the front, were made to attach to his frame without the aid of suspenders.

A single button held his shirt in position, and that was at the collar. He rose up in the pulpit, and with a loud voice announced his text thus: "I am the Christ whom I shall represent to-day."

About this time a little blue lizard ran up his roomy pantaloons. The old preacher, not wishing to interrupt the steady flow of his sermon, slapped away on his leg, expecting to arrest the intruder, but his efforts were unavailing, and the little fellow kept on ascending higher and higher.

Continuing the sermon, the preacher loosened the

central button which graced the waistband of his pantaloons, and with a kick off came that easy-fitting garment.

But, meanwhile, Mr. Lizard had passed the equatorial line of the waistband, and was calmly exploring that part of the preacher's anatomy which lay underneath the back of his shirt.

Things were now growing interesting, but the sermon was still grinding on. The next movement on the preacher's part was for the collar button, and with one sweep of his arm off came the tow linen shirt.

The congregation sat for an instant as if dazed; at length one old lady in the rear part of the room rose up, and, glancing at the excited object in the pulpit, shouted at the top of her voice: "If you represent Christ, then I'm done with the Bible."

"ADAM'S ALE," LINCOLN'S ONLY BEVERAGE

Immediately after Mr. Lincoln's nomination for President at the Chicago Convention, a committee, of which Governor Morgan, of New York, was Chairman, visited him in Springfield, Ill., where he was officially informed of his nomination.

After this ceremony had passed, Mr. Lincoln remarked to the company that as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting as that which had just transpired, he supposed good manners would require that he should treat the committee with something to drink; and opening the door that led into the rear, he called out, "Mary! Mary!" A girl responded to the call, to whom Mr. Lincoln spoke

a few words in an undertone, and, closing the door, returned again and conversed with his guests. In a few minutes the maiden entered, bearing a large waiter, containing several glass tumblers, and a large pitcher in the midst, and placed it upon the center-table. Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely addressing the company, said: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual health in the most healthy beverage that God has given to man — it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed my family to use, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the spring;" and, taking the tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course, all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency, and to join in his example.

COLONEL BAKER DEFENDED BY LINCOLN

On one occasion, Colonel Baker was speaking in a courthouse, which had been a storehouse, and, on making some remarks that were offensive to certain political rowdies in the crowd, they cried: "Take him off the stand!" Immediate confusion ensued, and there was an attempt to carry the demand into execution. Directly over the speaker's head was an old scuttle, at which it appeared Mr. Lincoln had been listening to the speech. In an instant, Mr. Lincoln's feet came through the scuttle, followed by his tall and sinewy frame, and he was standing by Colonel Baker's side. He raised his hand, and the assembly subsided into silence.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "let us not disgrace the age and country in which we live. This is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed. Mr. Baker has a right to speak, and ought to be permitted to do so. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it."

The suddenness of his appearance, his perfect calmness and fairness, and the knowledge that he would do what he had promised to do, quieted all disturbance, and the speaker concluded his remarks without difficulty.

LINCOLN DEFENDS THE SON OF AN OLD FRIEND, INDICTED FOR MURDER

Jack Armstrong, the leader of the "Clary Grove Boys," with whom Lincoln early in life had a scuffle which "Jack" agreed to call "a drawn battle," in consequence of his own foul play, afterward became a life-long, warm friend of Mr. Lincoln. Later in life the rising lawyer would stop at Jack's cabin home, and here Mrs. Armstrong, a most womanly person, learned to respect Mr. Lincoln. There was no service to which she did not make her guest abundantly welcome, and he never ceased to feel the tenderest gratitude for her kindness.

At length her husband died, and she became dependent upon her sons. The oldest of these, while in attendance upon a camp meeting, found himself involved in a mêlée, which resulted in the death of a young man, and young Armstrong was charged by one of his associates with striking the fatal blow. He was examined, and imprisoned to await his trial. The public

mind was in a blaze of excitement, and interested parties fed the flame.

Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of the merits of this case, that is certain. He only knew that his old friend, Mrs. Armstrong, was in sore trouble; and he sat down at once, and volunteered by letter to defend her son. His first act was to secure the postponement, and a change of the place of trial. There was too much fever in the minds of the immediate public to permit of fair treatment. When the trial came on, the case looked very hopeless to all but Mr. Lincoln, who had assured himself that the young man was not guilty. The evidence on behalf of the State being all in, and looking like a solid and consistent mass of testimony against the prisoner, Mr. Lincoln undertook the task of analyzing it, and destroying it, which he did in a manner that surprised every one. The principal witness testified that "by the aid of the brightly shining moon he saw the prisoner inflict the death blow with a slung shot." Mr. Lincoln proved by the almanac that there was no moon shining at that time. The mass of testimony against the prisoner melted away, until "not guilty" was the verdict of every man present in the crowded court-room.

There is, of course, no record of the plea made on this occasion, but it is remembered as one in which Mr. Lincoln made an appeal to the sympathies of the jury, which quite surpassed his usual efforts of the kind, and melted all to tears. The jury were out but half an hour, when they returned with their verdict of "not guilty." The widow fainted in the arms of her son, who divided his attention between his services to her and his thanks to his deliverer. And thus the kind

woman who cared for the poor young man, and showed herself a mother to him in his need, received the life of a son, saved from a cruel conspiracy, as her reward, from the hands of her grateful beneficiary.

A WRESTLING MATCH

There lived, at the time young Lincoln resided at New Salem, Ill., in and around the village, a band of rollicking fellows, or, more properly, roistering rowdies, known as the "Clary's Grove Boys." The special tie that united them was physical courage and prowess. These fellows, although they embraced in their number many men who have since become respectable and influential, were wild and rough beyond toleration in any community not made up like that which produced them. They pretended to be "regulators," and were the terror of all who did not acknowledge their rule; and their mode of securing allegiance was by flogging every man who failed to acknowledge it.

They took it upon themselves to try the mettle of every new-comer, and to learn the sort of stuff he was made of.

Some of their number was appointed to fight, wrestle, or run a foot-race with each incoming stranger. Of course, Abraham Lincoln was obliged to pass the ordeal.

Perceiving that he was a man who would not easily be floored, they selected their champion, Jack Armstrong, and imposed upon him the task of laying Lincoln upon his back.

There is no evidence that Lincoln was an unwilling party to the sport, for it was what he had always been

accustomed to. The bout was entered upon, but Armstrong soon discovered that he had met more than his match.

The boys were looking on, and seeing that their champion was likely to get the worst of it, did after the manner of such irresponsible bands. They gathered around Lincoln, struck and disabled him, and then Armstrong, by "legging" him, got him down.

Most men would have been indignant, not to say furiously angry, under such foul treatment as this; but if Lincoln was either, he did not show it. Getting up in perfect good humor, he fell to laughing over his discomfiture, and joking about it. They had all calculated on making him angry, and they intended, with the amiable spirit which characterized the "Clary's Grove Boys," to give him a terrible drubbing. They were disappointed, and, in their admiration of him, immediately invited him to become one of the company.

LINCOLN APPLIES FOR A PATENT

That he had enough mechanical genius to make him a good mechanic there is no doubt. With such rude tools as were at his command he had made cabins and flatboats; and after his mind had become absorbed in public and professional affairs, he often recurred to his mechanical dreams for amusement. One of his dreams took form, and he endeavored to make a practical matter of it. He had had experience in the early navigation of the Western rivers. One of the most serious hindrances to this navigation was low water, and the lodgment of the various craft on the shifting shoals and bars with which these rivers abound. He

undertook to contrive an apparatus which, folded to the hull of the boat like a bellows, might be inflated on occasions, and, by its levity, lifted over any obstruction upon which it might rest. On this contrivance, illustrated by a model whittled out by himself, and now preserved in the Patent Office in Washington, he secured letters patent; but it is certain that the navigation of the Western rivers was not revolutionized by it.

"HONEST ABE" AS A COUNTRY STOREKEEPER

Lincoln could not rest for an instant under the consciousness that he had, even unwittingly, defrauded anybody. On one occasion, while clerking in Offutt's store, at New Salem, Ill., he sold a woman a little bale of goods, amounting in value by the reckoning to two dollars and twenty cents. He received the money, and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night, and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer, and, delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied.

On another occasion, just as he was closing the store for the night, a woman entered, and asked for a half pound of tea. The tea was weighed out and paid for, and the store was left for the night. The next morning Lincoln entered to begin the duties of the day, when he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw at once that he had made a mistake, and,

shutting the store, he took a long walk before breakfast to deliver the remainder of the tea. These are very humble incidents, but they illustrate the man's perfect conscientiousness — his sensitive honesty — better, perhaps, than they would if they were of greater moment.

HOW LINCOLN EARNED HIS FIRST DOLLAR

The following interesting story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the Executive Mansion at Washington. The President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," rejoined Mr. Seward.

"Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they called down South the 'scrubs.' We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore

in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me one or two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit, that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

LINCOLN THE TALLEST OF THE "LONG NINE"

The Sangamon County delegation to the Illinois Legislature, in 1834, of which Lincoln was a member, consisting of nine representatives, was so remarkable for the physical altitude of its members that they were known as "The Long Nine." Not a member of the number was less than six feet high, and Lincoln was

the tallest of the nine, as he was the leading man intellectually in and out of the House.

Among those who composed the House were Gen. John A. McClernand, afterward a member of Congress; Jesse K. DeBois, afterwards Auditor of the State; James Semple, afterwards twice the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and subsequently United States Senator; Robert Smith, afterwards member of Congress; John Hogan, afterwards a member of Congress from St. Louis; Gen. James Shields, afterwards United States Senator (who died recently); John Dement, who has since been Treasurer of the State; Stephen A. Douglas, whose subsequent career is familiar to all; Newton Cloud, President of the Convention which framed the present State Constitution of Illinois; John J. Hardin, who fell at Buena Vista; John Moore, afterward Lieutenant-Governor of the State; William A. Richardson, subsequently United States Senator, and William McMurtry, who has since been Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

This list does not embrace all who had then, or who have since been distinguished, but it is large enough to show that Lincoln was, during the term of this Legislature, thrown into association and often into antagonism, with the brightest men of the new State.

HARK FROM THE TOMBS

"Fellow-citizens: My friend, Mr. Douglas, made the startling announcement to-day that the Whigs are all dead.

"If that be so, fellow citizens, you will now experience the novelty of hearing a speech from a dead man;

and I suppose you might properly say, in the language of the old hymn:

" ' Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.' "

TRUSTED TILL THE "BRITCHEN" BROKE

In the campaign of 1852, Lincoln, in reply to Douglas' speech, wherein he speaks of confidence in Providence, replied: "Let us stand by our candidate (General Scott) as faithfully as he has always stood by our country, and I much doubt if we do not perceive a slight abatement of Judge Douglas's confidence in Providence as well as the people. I suspect that confidence is not more firmly fixed with the Judge than it was with the old woman whose horse ran away with her in a buggy. She said she 'trusted in Providence till the britchen broke,' and then she 'didn't know what in airth to do.'

"The chance is, the Judge will see the britchen broke, and then he can, at his leisure, bewail the fate of Locofocism as the victim of misplaced confidence."

HE'D SEE IT AGAIN

About two years before Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency he went to Bloomington, Illinois, to try a case of some importance. His opponent — who afterward reached a high place in his profession — was a young man of ability, sensible but sensitive, and one to whom the loss of a case was a great blow. He therefore studied hard and made much preparation.

This particular case was submitted to the jury late

at night, and, although anticipating a favorable verdict, the young attorney spent a sleepless night in anxiety. Early next morning he learned, to his great chagrin, that he had lost the case.

Lincoln met him at the court-house some time after the jury had come in, and asked him what had become of his case.

With lugubrious countenance and in a melancholy tone the young man replied, " It's gone to hell."

" Oh, well," replied Lincoln, " then you will see it again."

BOAT HAD TO STOP

Lincoln never failed to take part in all political campaigns in Illinois, as his reputation as a speaker caused his services to be in great demand. As was natural, he was often the target at which many of the " Smart Alecks " of that period shot their feeble bolts, but Lincoln was so ready with his answers that few of them cared to engage him a second time.

In one campaign Lincoln was frequently annoyed by a young man who entertained the idea that he was a born orator. He had a loud voice, was full of language, and so conceited that he could not understand why the people did not recognize and appreciate his abilities.

This callow politician delighted in interrupting public speakers, and at last Lincoln determined to squelch him. One night while addressing a large meeting at Springfield, the fellow became so offensive that " Abe " dropped the threads of his speech and turned his attention to the tormentor.

"I don't object," said Lincoln, "to being interrupted with sensible questions, but I must say that my boisterous friend does not always make inquiries which properly come under that head. He says he is afflicted with headaches, at which I don't wonder, as it is a well-known fact that nature abhors a vacuum, and takes her own way of demonstrating it.

"This noisy friend reminds me of a certain steamboat that used to run on the Illinois river. It was an energetic boat, was always busy. When they built it, however, they made one serious mistake, this error being in the relative sizes of the boiler and the whistle. The latter was usually busy, too, and people were aware that it was in existence.

"This particular boiler to which I have reference was a six-foot one, and did all that was required of it in the way of pushing the boat along; but as the builders of the vessel had made the whistle a six-foot one, the consequence was that every time the whistle blew the boat had to stop."

LINCOLN'S NAME FOR "WEEPING WATER"

"I was speaking one time to Mr. Lincoln," said Governor Saunders, of Nebraska, "of a little Nebraskan settlement on the Weeping Water, a stream in our State."

"'Weeping Water!' said he.

"Then with a twinkle in his eye, he continued.

"'I suppose the Indians out there call it Minneboohoo, don't they? They ought to, if Laughing Water is Minnehaha in their language.'"

HE "SKEWED" THE LINE

When a surveyor, Mr. Lincoln first platted the town of Petersburg, Ill. Some twenty or thirty years afterward the property-owners along one of the outlying streets had trouble in fixing their boundaries. They consulted the official plat and got no relief. A committee was sent to Springfield to consult the distinguished surveyor, but he failed to recall anything that would give them aid, and could only refer them to the record. The dispute therefore went into the courts. While the trial was pending, an old Irishman named McGuire, who had worked for some farmer during the summer, returned to town for the winter. The case being mentioned in his presence, he promptly said: "I can tell you all about it. I helped carry the chain when Abe Lincoln laid out this town. Over there where they are quarreling about the lines, when he was locating the street, he straightened up from his instrument and said: 'If I run that street right through, it will cut three or four feet off the end of ——'s house. It's all he's got in the world and he never could get another. I reckon it won't hurt anything out here if I skew the line a little and miss him.'"

The line was "skewed," and hence the trouble, and more testimony furnished as to Lincoln's abounding kindness of heart.

DIGNIFYING THE STATUTE

Lincoln was married — he balked at the first date set for the ceremony and did not show up at all — November 4, 1842, under most happy auspices. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Dresser, used the

Episcopal church service for marriage. Lincoln placed the ring upon the bride's finger, and said, "With this ring I now thee wed, and with all my wordly goods I thee endow."

Judge Thomas C. Browne, who was present, exclaimed, "Good gracious, Lincoln! the statute fixes all that!"

"Oh, well," drawled Lincoln, "I just thought I'd add a little dignity to the statute."

"GET THERE, ELI"

Lincoln could be arbitrary when occasion required. This is the letter he wrote to one of the Department heads:

"You must make a job of it, and provide a place for the bearer of this, Elias Wampole. Make a job of it with the collector and have it done. You can do it for me, and you must."

There was no delay in taking action in this matter. Mr. Wampole, or "Eli," as he was thereafter known, "got there."

"WEBSTER COULDN'T HAVE DONE MORE"

Lincoln "got even" with the Illinois Central Railroad Company, in 1855, in a most substantial way, and at the same time secured sweet revenge for an insult, unwarranted in every way, put upon him by one of the officials of that corporation.

Lincoln and Herndon defended the Illinois Central Railroad in an action brought by McLean County, Illi-

nois, in August, 1853, to recover taxes alleged to be due the county from the road. The Legislature had granted the road immunity from taxation, and this was a case intended to test the constitutionality of the law. The road sent a retainer fee of $250.

In the lower court the case was decided in favor of the railroad. An appeal to the Supreme Court followed, was argued twice, and finally decided in favor of the road. This last decision was rendered some time in 1855. Lincoln then went to Chicago and presented the bill for legal services. Lincoln and Herndon only asked for $2,000 more.

The official to whom he was referred, after looking at the bill, expressed great surprise.

"Why, sir," he exclaimed, "this is as much as Daniel Webster himself would have charged. We cannot allow such a claim."

"Why not?" asked Lincoln.

"We could have hired first-class lawyers at that figure," was the response.

"We won the case, didn't we?" queried Lincoln.

"Certainly," replied the official.

"Daniel Webster, then," retorted Lincoln in no amiable tone, "couldn't have done more," and "Abe" walked out of the official's office.

Lincoln withdrew the bill, and started for home. On the way he stopped at Bloomington, where he met Grant Goodrich, Archibald Williams, Norman B. Judd, O. H. Browning, and other attorneys, who, on learning of his modest charge for the valuable services rendered the railroad, induced him to increase the demand to $5,000, and to bring suit for that sum.

This was done at once. On the trial six lawyers

certified that the bill was reasonable, and judgment for that sum went by default; the judgment was promptly paid, and, of course, his partner, Herndon, got "your half, Billy," without delay.

"ABE" RECITES A SONG

Lincoln couldn't sing, and he also lacked the faculty of musical adaptation. He had a liking for certain ballads and songs, and while he memorized and recited their lines, someone else did the singing. Lincoln often recited for the delectation of his friends, the following, the authorship of which is unknown:

The first factional fight in old Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
It was somewhere about midnight without any doubt,
And certain it is, it made a great rout.

On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others assert 'twas the ninth he was born —
'Twas all a mistake — between midnight and morn.

Some blamed the baby, some blamed the clock;
Some blamed the doctor, some the crowing cock.
With all these close questions sure no one could know,
Whether the babe was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth some would die;
He who wouldn't see right would have a black eye.
At length these two factions so positive grew,
They each had a birthday, and Pat he had two.

Till Father Mulcahay who showed them their sins,
He said none could have two birthdays but as twins.
"Now, boys, don't be fighting for the eight or the nine;
Don't quarrel so always, now why not combine."

Combine eight with nine. It is the mark;
Let that be the birthday. Amen! said the clerk.
So all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And they've kept up the practice from that day to this.

LINCOLN ASKED TO BE SHOT

Lincoln was, naturally enough, much surprised one day, when a man of rather forbidding countenance drew a revolver and thrust the weapon almost into his face. In such circumstances "Abe" at once concluded that any attempt at debate or argument was a waste of time and words.

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired Lincoln with all the calmness and self-possession he could muster.

"Well," replied the stranger, who did not appear at all excited, "some years ago I swore an oath that if I ever came across an uglier man than myself I'd shoot him on the spot."

A feeling of relief evidently took possession of Lincoln at this rejoinder, as the expression upon his countenance lost all suggestion of anxiety.

"Shoot me," he said to the stranger; "for if I am an uglier man than you I don't want to live."

STRETCHED THE TRUTH

George B. Lincoln, a prominent merchant of Brooklyn, was traveling through the West in 1855-56, and found himself one night in a town on the Illinois River, by the name of Naples. The only tavern of the place had evidently been constructed with reference to business on a small scale. Poor as the prospect seemed,

Mr. Lincoln had no alternative but to put up at the place.

The supper-room was also used as a lodging-room. Mr. Lincoln told his host that he thought he would "go to bed."

"Bed!" echoed the landlord. "There is no bed for you in this house unless you sleep with that man yonder. He has the only one we have to spare."

"Well," returned Mr. Lincoln, "the gentleman has possession, and perhaps would not like a bed-fellow."

Upon this a grizzly head appeared out of the pillows, and said:

"What is your name?"

"They call me Lincoln at home," was the reply.

"Lincoln!" repeated the stranger; "any connection of our Illinois Abraham?"

"No," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I fear not."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I will let any man by the name of 'Lincoln' sleep with me, just for the sake of the name. You have heard of Abe?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, very often," replied Mr. Lincoln. "No man could travel far in this State without hearing of him, and I would be very glad to claim connection if I could do so honestly."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "my name is Simmons. 'Abe' and I used to live and work together when young men. Many a job of wood-cutting and rail-splitting have I done up with him. Abe Lincoln was the likeliest boy in God's world. He would work all day as hard as any of us — and study by firelight in the log-house half the night; and in this way he made himself a thorough, practical surveyor. Once, during

those days, I was in the upper part of the State, and I met General Ewing, whom President Jackson had sent to the Northwest to make surveys. I told him about Abe Lincoln, what a student he was, and that I wanted he should give him a job. He looked over his memorandum, and, holding out a paper, said:

"'There is —— County must be surveyed; if your friend can do the work properly, I shall be glad to have him undertake it — the compensation will be six hundred dollars.'

"Pleased as I could be, I hastened to Abe, after I got home, with an account of what I had secured for him. He was sitting before the fire in the log-cabin when I told him; and what do you think was his answer? When I finished, he looked up very quietly, and said:

"'Mr. Simmons, I thank you very sincerely for your kindness, but I don't think I will undertake the job.'

"'In the name of wonder,' said I, 'why? Six hundred does not grow upon every bush out here in Illinois.'

"'I know that,' said Abe, 'and I need the money bad enough, Simmons, as you know; but I have never been under obligation to a Democratic Administration, and I never intend to be so long as I can get my living another way. General Ewing must find another man to do his work.'"

Mr. Carpenter related this story to the President one day, and asked him if it were true.

"Pollard Simmons!" said Lincoln. "Well do I remember him. It is correct about our working together, but the old man must have stretched the facts somewhat about the survey of the County. I think I

should have been very glad of the job at the time, no matter what Administration was in power."

ABE IN THE PULLMAN

George M. Pullman, the great sleeping car builder, once told a joke in which Lincoln was the prominent figure. In fact, there wouldn't have been any joke had it not been for "Long Abe." At the time of the occurrence, which was the foundation for the joke — and Pullman admitted that the latter was on him — Pullman was the conductor of his only sleeping-car. The latter was an experiment, and Pullman was doing everything possible to get the railroads to take hold of it.

"One night," said Pullman in telling the story, "as we were about going out of Chicago — this was long before Lincoln was what you might call a renowned man — a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid me fifty cents, and half a berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, undoubtedly having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot.

"Pretty soon along came another passenger and paid his fifty cents. In two minutes he was back at me, angry as a wet hen.

"'There's a man in that berth of mine,' said he, hotly, 'and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him.'

"In I went — mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees

were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed and his feet were stored comfortably — for him. I shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay $1.

"'My dear sir,' said the tall man, 'a contract is a contract. I have paid you fifty cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half,' pointing to a strip about six inches wide. 'Sell that and don't disturb me again.'

"And so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln, and he never grew any shorter afterward. We became great friends, and often laughed over the incident."

TOOK PART OF THE BLAME

Among the lawyers who traveled the circuit with Lincoln was Usher F. Linder, whose daughter, Rose Linder Wilkinson, has left many Lincoln reminiscences.

"One case in which Mr. Lincoln was interested concerned a member of my own family," said Mrs. Wilkinson. "My brother, Dan, in the heat of a quarrel, shot a young man named Ben Boyle and was arrested. My father was seriously ill with inflammatory rheumatism at the time, and could scarcely move hand or foot. He certainly could not defend Dan. I was his secretary, and I remember it was but a day or so after the shooting till letters of sympathy began to pour in. In the first bundle which I picked up there was a big letter, the handwriting on which I recognized as that of Mr. Lincoln. The letter was very sympathetic.

"'I know how you feel, Linder,' it said. 'I can

understand your anger as a father, added to all the other sentiments. But may we not be in a measure to blame? We have talked about the defense of criminals before our children; about our success in defending them; have left the impression that the greater the crime, the greater the triumph of securing an acquittal. Dan knows your success as a criminal lawyer, and he depends on you, little knowing that of all cases you would be of least value in this.'

"He concluded by offering his services, an offer which touched my father to tears.

"Mr. Lincoln tried to have Dan released on bail, but Ben Boyle's family and friends declared the wounded man would die, and feeling had grown so bitter that the judge would not grant any bail. So the case was changed to Marshall county, but as Ben finally recovered it was dismissed."

NO HALF-WAY BUSINESS

Soon after Mr. Lincoln began to practice law at Springfield, he was engaged in a criminal case in which it was thought there was little chance of success. Throwing all his powers into it, he came off victorious, and promptly received for his services five hundred dollars. A legal friend, calling upon him the next morning, found him sitting before a table, upon which his money was spread out, counting it over and over.

"Look here, Judge," said he. "See what a heap of money I've got from this case. Did you ever see anything like it? Why, I never had so much money in my life before, put it all together." Then, crossing his arms upon the table, his manner sobering down, he

added: "I have got just five hundred dollars; if it were only seven hundred and fifty, I would go directly and purchase a quarter section of land, and settle it upon my old step-mother."

His friend said that if the deficiency was all he needed, he would loan him the amount, taking his note, to which Mr. Lincoln instantly acceded.

His friend then said:

"Lincoln, I would do just what you have indicated. Your step-mother is getting old, and will not probably live many years. I would settle the property upon her for her use during her lifetime, to revert to you upon her death."

With much feeling, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I shall do no such thing. It is a poor return at best for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any halfway business about it." And so saying, he gathered up his money and proceeded forthwith to carry his long-cherished purpose into execution.

"FIND OUT FOR YOURSELVES"

"Several of us lawyers," remarked one of his colleagues, "in the eastern end of the circuit, annoyed Lincoln once while he was holding court for Davis by attempting to defend against a note to which there were many makers. We had no legal, but a good moral defense, but what we wanted most of all was to stave it off till the next term of court by one expedient or another.

"We bothered 'the court' about it till late on Saturday, the day of adjournment. He adjourned for sup-

per with nothing left but this case to dispose of. After supper he heard our twaddle for nearly an hour, and then made this odd entry.

"'L. D. Chaddon vs. J. D. Beasley et al. April Term, 1856 Champaign County Court. Plea in abatement by B. Z. Green, a defendant not served, filed Saturday at 11 o'clock a. m., April 24, 1856, stricken from the files by order of court. Demurrer to declaration, if there ever was one, overruled. Defendants who are served now, at 8 o'clock p. m., of the last day of the term, ask to plead to the merits, which is denied by the court on the ground that the offer comes too late, and therefore, as by nil dicet, judgment is rendered for Pl'ff. Clerk assess damages. A. Lincoln, Judge pro tem.'

"The lawyer who reads his singular entry will appreciate its oddity if no one else does. After making it, one of the lawyers, on recovering from his astonishment, ventured to enquire: 'Well, Lincoln, how can we get this case up again?'

"Lincoln eyed him quizzically for a moment, and then answered, 'You have all been so mighty smart about this case, you find out how to take it up again yourselves.'"

DISCOURAGED LITIGATION

Lincoln believed in preventing unnecessary litigation, and carried out this in his practice. "Who was your guardian?" he asked a young man who came to him to complain that a part of the property left him had been withheld. "Enoch Kingsbury," replied the young man.

"I know Mr. Kingsbury," said Lincoln, "and he is not the man to have cheated you out of a cent, and I can't take the case, and advise you to drop the subject."

And it was dropped.

HIS FINANCIAL STANDING

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln, some years before he became President, for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. ——, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50 and three chairs worth, say $1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat hole, which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln."

THE DANDY AND THE BOYS

President Lincoln appointed as consul to a South American country a young man from Ohio who was a dandy. A wag met the new appointee on his way to the White House to thank the President. He was dressed in the most extravagant style. The wag horrified him by telling him that the country to which he was assigned was noted chiefly for the bugs that abounded there and made life unbearable.

"They'll bore a hole clean through you before a week has passed," was the comforting assurance of the wag as they parted at the White House steps. The new consul approached Lincoln with disappoint-

ment clearly written all over his face. Instead of joyously thanking the President, he told him the wag's story of the bugs. "I am informed, Mr. President," he said, "that the place is full of vermin and that they could eat me up in a week's time." "Well, young man," replied Lincoln, "if that's true, all I've got to say is that if such a thing happened they would leave a mighty good suit of clothes behind."

LINCOLN AS A DANCER

Lincoln made his first appearance in society when he was first sent to Springfield, Ill., as a member of the State Legislature. It was not an imposing figure which he cut in a ballroom, but still he was occasionally to be found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife, was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd, and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

After they danced, one of her companions asked mischievously:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

"RATHER STARVE THAN SWINDLE"

Ward Lamon, once Lincoln's law partner, relates a story which places Lincoln's high sense of honor in a prominent light. In a certain case, Lincoln and

Lamon being retained by a gentleman named Scott, Lamon put the fee at $250, and Scott agreed to pay it. Says Lamon:

"Scott expected a contest, but, to his surprise, the case was tried inside of twenty minutes; our success was complete. Scott was satisfied, and cheerfully paid over the money to me inside the bar, Lincoln looking on. Scott then went out, and Lincoln asked, 'What did you charge that man?'

"I told him $250. Said he: 'Lamon, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum. Give him back at least half of it.'

"I protested that the fee was fixed in advance; that Scott was perfectly satisfied, and had so expressed himself. 'That may be,' retorted Lincoln, with a look of distress and of undisguised displeasure, 'but I am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go, call him back and return half the money at least, or I will not receive one cent of it for my share.'

"I did go, and Scott was astonished when I handed back half the fee.

"This conversation had attracted the attention of the lawyers and the court. Judge David Davis, then on our circuit bench (afterwards Associate Justice on the United States Supreme bench), called Lincoln to him. The judge never could whisper, but in this instance he probably did his best. At all events, in attempting to whisper to Lincoln he trumpeted his rebuke in about these words, and in rasping tones that could be heard all over the court-room: 'Lincoln, I have been watching you and Lamon. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the lawyers have reason to complain of you.

You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey!'

"Judge O. L. Davis, the leading lawyer in that part of the State, promptly applauded this malediction from the bench; but Lincoln was immovable.

"'That money,' said he, 'comes out of the pocket of a poor, demented girl, and I would rather starve than swindle her in this manner.'"

"WUZ GOIN' TER BE 'HITCHED'"

"Abe's" nephew — or one of them — related a story in connection with Lincoln's first love (Anne Rutledge), and his subsequent marriage to Miss Mary Todd. This nephew was a plain, every-day farmer, and thought everything of his uncle, whose greatness he quite thoroughly appreciated, although he did not pose to any extreme as the relative of a President of the United States.

Said he one day, in telling his story:

"Us child'en, w'en we heerd Uncle 'Abe' wuz a-goin' to be married, axed Gran'ma ef Uncle 'Abe' never hed hed a gal afore, an' she says, sez she, 'Well, "Abe" wuz never a han' nohow to run 'round visitin' much, or go with the gals, neither, but he did fall in love with a Anne Rutledge, who lived out near Springfield, an' after she died he'd come home an' ev'ry time he'd talk 'bout her, he cried dreadful. He never could talk of her nohow 'thout he'd jes' cry an' cry, like a young feller.'

"Onct he tol' Gran'ma they wuz goin' ter be hitched, they havin' promised each other, an' thet is

all we ever heered 'bout it. But, so it wuz, that arter Uncle 'Abe' hed got over his mournin', he wuz married ter a woman w'ich hed lived down in Kentuck.

"Uncle 'Abe' hisself tol' us he wuz married the nex' time he come up ter our place, an' w'en we ast him why he didn't bring his wife up to see us, he said: 'She's very busy and can't come.'

"But we knowed better'n that. He wuz too proud to bring her up, 'cause nothin' would suit her, nohow. She wuzn't raised the way we wuz, an' wuz different from us, and we heerd, tu, she wuz as proud as cud be.

"No, an' he never brought none uv the child'en, neither.

"But then, Uncle 'Abe,' he wuzn't to blame. We never thought he wuz stuck up."

PRAISES HIS RIVAL FOR OFFICE

When Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for the Legislature, it was the practice at that date in Illinois for two rival candidates to travel over the district together. The custom led to much good-natured raillery between them; and in such contests Lincoln was rarely, if ever, worsted. He could even turn the generosity of a rival to account by his whimsical treatment.

On one occasion, says Mr. Weir, a former resident of Sangamon county, he had driven out from Springfield in company with a political opponent to engage in joint debate. The carriage, it seems, belonged to his opponent. In addressing the gathering of farmers that met them, Lincoln was lavish in praise of the generosity of his friend.

"I am too poor to own a carriage," he said, "but

my friend has generously invited me to ride with him. I want you to vote for me if you will; but if not then vote for my opponent, for he is a fine man."

His extravagant and persistent praise of his opponent appealed to the sense of humor in his rural audience, to whom his inability to own a carriage was by no means a disqualification.

"HE'S JUST BEAUTIFUL"

LINCOLN'S great love for children easily won their confidence.

A little girl, who had been told that the President was very homely, was taken by her father to see the President at the White House.

Lincoln took her upon his knee and chatted with her for a moment in his merry way, when she turned to her father and exclaimed:

"Oh, Pa! he isn't ugly at all; he's just beautiful!"

THE QUESTION OF LEGS

WHENEVER the people of Lincoln's neighborhood engaged in dispute; whenever a bet was to be decided; when they differed on points of religion or politics; when they wanted to get out of trouble, or desired advice regarding anything on the earth, below it, above it, or under the sea, they went to "Abe."

Two fellows, after a hot dispute lasting some hours, over the problem as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the size of his body, stamped into Lincoln's office one day and put the question to him.

Lincoln listened gravely to the arguments advanced

by both contestants, spent some time in "reflecting" upon the matter, and then, turning around in his chair and facing the disputants, delivered his opinion with all the gravity of a judge sentencing a fellow-being to death.

"This question has been a source of controversy," he said, slowly and deliberately, "for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to suppose it will not lead to the same in the future.

"After much thought and consideration, not to mention mental worry and anxiety, it is my opinion, all side issues being swept aside, that a man's lower limbs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

CASH WAS AT HAND

Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem by President Jackson. The office was given him because everybody liked him, and because he was the only man willing to take it who could make out the returns. Lincoln was pleased, because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted before.

Years after the postoffice had been discontinued and Lincoln had become a practicing lawyer at Springfield, an agent of the Postoffice Department entered his office and inquired if Abraham Lincoln was within. Lincoln responded to his name, and was informed that the agent had called to collect the balance due the De-

partment since the discontinuance of the New Salem office.

A shade of perplexity passed over Lincoln's face, which did not escape the notice of friends present. One of them said at once:

"Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you."

He made no reply, but suddenly rose, and pulled out from a pile of books a little old trunk, and, returning to the table, asked the agent how much the amount of his debt was.

The sum was named, and then Lincoln opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coin wrapped in a cotton rag, and counted out the exact sum, amounting to more than seventeen dollars.

After the agent had left the room, he remarked quietly that he had never used any man's money but his own. Although this sum had been in his hands during all those years, he had never regarded it as available, even for any temporary use of his own.

A PECULIAR LAWYER

Lincoln was once associate counsel for a defendant in a murder case. He listened to the testimony given by witness after witness against his client, until his honest heart could stand it no longer; then, turning to his associate, he said: "The man is guilty; you defend him — I can't," and when his associate secured a verdict of acquittal, Lincoln refused to share the fee to the extent of one cent.

Lincoln would never advise clients to enter into unwise or unjust lawsuits, always preferring to refuse

a retainer rather than be a party to a case which did not commend itself to his sense of justice.

"ABE" LIKE HIS FATHER

"Abe" Lincoln's father was never at loss for an answer. An old neighbor of Thomas Lincoln — "Abe's" father — was passing the Lincoln farm one day, when he saw "Abe's" father grubbing up some hazelnut bushes, and said to him: "Why, Grandpap, I thought you wanted to sell your farm?"

"And so I do," he replied, "but I ain't goin' to let my farm know it."

"'Abe's' jes' like his father," the old ones would say.

WHY HE WAS CALLED "HONEST ABE"

During the year Lincoln was in Denton Offutt's store at New Salem, that gentleman, whose business was somewhat widely and unwisely spread about the country, ceased to prosper in his finances and finally failed. The store was shut up, the mill was closed, and Abraham Lincoln was out of business.

The year had been one of great advance, in many respects. He had made new and valuable acquaintances, read many books, mastered the grammar of his own tongue, won multitudes of friends, and became ready for a step still further in advance.

Those who could appreciate brains respected him, and those whose ideas of a man related to his muscles were devoted to him. It was while he was performing the work of the store that he acquired the sobriquet

of "Honest Abe"— a characterization he never dishonored, and an abbreviation that he never outgrew.

He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority, in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh, horse-flesh, a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best fellow in all New Salem and the region round about.

"ABE" GAVE HER A "SURE TIP"

If all the days Lincoln attended school were added together, they would not make a single year's time, and he never studied grammar or geography or any of the higher branches. His first teacher in Indiana was Hazel Dorsey, who opened a school in a log schoolhouse a mile and a half from the Lincoln cabin. The building had holes for windows, which were covered over with greased paper to admit light. The roof was just high enough for a man to stand erect. It did not take long to demonstrate that "Abe" was superior to any scholar in his class. His next teacher was Andrew Crawford, who taught in the winter of 1822-3, in the same little schoolhouse. "Abe" was an excellent speller, and it is said that he liked to show off his knowledge, especially if he could help out his less fortunate schoolmates. One day the teacher gave out the word "defied." A large class was on the floor, but it seemed that no one would be able to spell it. The teacher declared he would keep the whole class in all day and night if "defied" was not spelled correctly.

When the word came around to Katy Roby, she was standing where she could see young "Abe." She started, "d-e-f," and while trying to decide whether to spell the word with an "i" or a "y," she noticed that Abe had his finger on his eye and a smile on his face, and instantly took the hint. She spelled the word correctly and school was dismissed.

SAVED LINCOLN'S LIFE

When Mr. Lincoln was quite a small boy he met with an accident that almost cost him his life. He was saved by Austin Gollaher, a young playmate. Mr. Gollaher lived to be more than ninety years of age, and to the day of his death related with great pride his boyhood association with Lincoln.

"Yes," Mr. Gollaher once said, "the story that I once saved Abraham Lincoln's life is true. He and I had been going to school together for a year or more, and had become greatly attached to each other. Then school disbanded on account of there being so few scholars, and we did not see each other much for a long while.

"One Sunday my mother visited the Lincolns, and I was taken along. 'Abe' and I played around all day. Finally, we concluded to cross the creek to hunt for some partridges young Lincoln had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and, in crossing on the narrow footlog, 'Abe' fell in. Neither of us could swim. I got a long pole and held it out to 'Abe,' who grabbed it. Then I pulled him ashore.

"He was almost dead, and I was badly scared. I

rolled and pounded him in good earnest. Then I got him by the arms and shook him, the water meanwhile pouring out of his mouth. By this means I succeeded in bringing him to, and he was soon all right.

"Then a new difficulty confronted us. If our mothers discovered our wet clothes they would whip us. This we dreaded from experience, and determined to avoid. It was June, the sun was very warm, and we soon dried our clothing by spreading it on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never did until after Lincoln's tragic end."

ONE THING "ABE" DIDN'T LOVE

Lincoln admitted that he was not particularly energetic when it came to real hard work.

"My father," said he one day, "taught me how to work, but not to love it. I never did like to work, and I don't deny it. I'd rather read, tell stories, crack jokes, talk, laugh — anything but work."

WHY SHE MARRIED HIM

There was a "social" at Lincoln's house in Springfield, and "Abe" introduced his wife to Ward Lamon, his law partner. Lamon tells the story in these words:

"After introducing me to Mrs. Lincoln, he left us in conversation. I remarked to her that her husband was a great favorite in the eastern part of the State, where I had been stopping.

"'Yes,' she replied, 'he is a great favorite everywhere. He is to be President of the United States

some day; if I had not thought so I never would have married him, for you see he is not pretty.

"'But look at him, doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?'"

CREDITOR PAID DEBTOR'S DEBT

A CERTAIN rich man in Springfield, Illinois, sued a poor attorney for $2.50, and Lincoln was asked to prosecute the case. Lincoln urged the creditor to let the matter drop, adding, "You can make nothing out of him, and it will cost you a good deal more than the debt to bring suit." The creditor was still determined to have his way, and threatened to seek some other attorney. Lincoln then said, "Well, if you are determined that suit should be brought, I will bring it, but my charge will be $10."

The money was paid him, and peremptory orders were given that the suit be brought that day. After the client's departure Lincoln went out of the office, returning in about an hour with an amused look on his face. Asked what pleased him, he replied, "I brought suit against ——, and then hunted him up, told him what I had done, handed him half of the $10, and we went over to the squire's office. He confessed judgment and paid the bill."

Lincoln added that he didn't see any other way to make things satisfactory for his client as well as the other.

END FOR END

JUDGE H. W. BECKWITH, of Danville, Ill., in his "Personal Recollections of Lincoln," tells a story

which is a good example of Lincoln's way of condensing the law and the facts of an issue in a story: "A man, by vile words, first provoked and then made a bodily attack upon another. The latter, in defending himself, gave the other much the worst of the encounter. The aggressor, to get even, had the one who thrashed him tried in our Circuit Court on a charge of an assault and battery. Mr. Lincoln defended, and told the jury that his client was in the fix of a man who, in going along the highway with a pitchfork on his shoulder, was attacked by a fierce dog that ran out at him from a farmer's dooryard. In parrying off the brute with the fork, its prongs stuck into the brute and killed him.

"'What made you kill my dog?' said the farmer.

"'What made him try to bite me?'

"'But why did you not go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?'

"'Why did he not come after me with his other end?'

"At this Mr. Lincoln whirled about in his long arms an imaginary dog, and pushed its tail end toward the jury. This was the defensive plea of 'son assault demesne'— loosely, that 'the other fellow brought on the fight,'— quickly told, and in a way the dullest mind would grasp and retain."

ONE RIGHT DECISION

When Attorney-General Bates was remonstrating apparently against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with: "Come now, Bates, he's not

half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse.

"The Judge overtook me in his carriage.

"'Hallo, Lincoln! are you not going to the court-house? Come in and I will give you a seat!'

"Well, I got in, and the Judge went on reading his papers. Presently the carriage struck a stump on one side of the road, then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat, so I says:

"'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little too much this morning.'

"'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you were right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.'

"So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!'

"Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said:

"'Begorra! that's the first rightful decision that you have given for the last twelvemonth.'"

While the company were laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighborhood.

LINCOLN RESCUES A PIG FROM A BAD PREDICAMENT

An amusing incident occurred in connection with "riding the circuit," which gives a pleasant glimpse into the good lawyer's heart. He was riding by a deep

slough, in which, to his exceeding pain, he saw a pig struggling, and with such faint efforts that it was evident that he could not extricate himself from the mud. Mr. Lincoln looked at the pig and the mud which enveloped him, and then looked at some new clothes with which he had but a short time before enveloped himself. Deciding against the claims of the pig, he rode on, but he could not get rid of the vision of the poor brute, and, at last, after riding two miles, he turned back, determined to rescue the animal at the expense of his new clothes. Arrived at the spot, he tied his horse, and coolly went to work to build of old rails a passage to the bottom of the hole. Descending on these rails, he seized the pig and dragged him out, but not without serious damage to the clothes he wore. Washing his hands in the nearest brook, and wiping them on the grass, he mounted his gig and rode along. He then fell to examining the motive that sent him back to the release of the pig. At the first thought it seemed to be pure benevolence, but, at length, he came to the conclusion that it was selfishness, for he certainly went to the pig's relief in order (as he said to the friend to whom he related the incident), "to take a pain out of his own mind." This is certainly a new view of the nature sympathy; and one which it will be well for the casuist to examine.

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

Once, when Lincoln was pleading a case, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law; the weather was warm, and his opponent, as was admissi-

ble in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument.

At that time, shirts with buttons behind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once. Knowing the prejudices of the primitive people against pretension of all sorts, or any affectation of superior social rank, arising, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front." There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won.

HURT HIS LEGS LESS

Lincoln was one of the attorneys in a case of considerable importance, court being held in a very small and dilapidated schoolhouse out in the country; Lincoln was compelled to stoop very much in order to enter the door, and the seats were so low that he doubled up his legs like a jackknife.

Lincoln was obliged to sit upon a school bench, and just in front of him was another, making the distance between him and the seat in front of him very narrow and uncomfortable.

His position was almost unbearable, and in order to carry out his preference which he secured as often as possible, and that was "to sit as near to the jury as convenient," he took advantage of his discomfort and finally said to the Judge on the "bench":

"Your Honor, with your permission, I'll sit up nearer to the gentlemen of the jury, for it hurts my

legs less to rub my calves against the bench than it does to skin my shins."

A LITTLE SHY ON GRAMMAR

When Mr. Lincoln had prepared his brief letter accepting the Presidential nomination he took it to Dr. Newton Bateman, the State Superintendent of Education.

"Mr. Schoolmaster," he said, "here is my letter of acceptance. I am not very strong on grammar and I wish you to see if it is all right. I wouldn't like to have any mistakes in it."

The doctor took the letter and after reading it, said:

"There is only one change I should suggest, Mr. Lincoln, you have written 'It shall be my care to not violate or disregard it in any part,' you should have written 'not to violate.' Never split an infinitive, is the rule."

Mr. Lincoln took the manuscript, regarding it a moment with a puzzled air, "So you think I better put those two little fellows end to end, do you?" he said as he made the change.

GIVING AWAY THE CASE

Between the first election and inauguration of Mr. Lincoln the disunion sentiment grew rapidly in the South, and President Buchanan's failure to stop the open acts of secession grieved Mr. Lincoln sorely. Mr. Lincoln had a long talk with his friend, Judge Gillespie, over the state of affairs. One incident of the conversation is thus narrated by the Judge:

" When I retired, it was the master of the house and chosen ruler of the country who saw me to my room. ' Joe,' he said, as he was about to leave me, ' I am reminded and I suppose you will never forget that trial down in Montgomery county, where the lawyer associated with you gave away the whole case in his opening speech. I saw you signaling to him, but you couldn't stop him.

" ' Now, that's just the way with me and Buchanan. He is giving away the case, and I have nothing to say, and can't stop him. Good-night.' "

POSING WITH A BROOMSTICK

Mr. Leonard Volk, the artist, relates that, being in Springfield when Lincoln's nomination for President was announced, he called upon Mr. Lincoln, whom he found looking smiling and happy. " I exclaimed, ' I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has had the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President.' Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten, and while shaking, I said, ' Now that you will doubtless be the President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall try my best to do you justice.'

" Said he, ' I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man,' and with that greeting, I thought my hands in a fair way of being crushed.

" On the Sunday following, by agreement, I called to make a cast of Mr. Lincoln's hands. I asked him to hold something in his hands, and told him a stick would do. Thereupon he went to the woodshed, and I heard

the saw go, and he soon returned to the dining-room, whittling off the end of a piece of broom handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'I thought I would like to have it nice.'"

"I AM NOT FIT FOR THE PRESIDENCY"

The opening of the year 1860 found Mr. Lincoln's name freely mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency. To be classed with Seward, Chase, McLean, and other celebrities was enough to stimulate any Illinois lawyer's pride; but in Mr. Lincoln's case, if it had any such effect, he was most artful in concealing it. Now and then, some ardent friend, an editor, for example, would run his name up to the masthead, but in all cases he discouraged the attempt.

"In regard to the matter you spoke of," he answered one man who proposed his name, "I beg you will not give it a further mention. Seriously, I do not think I am fit for the Presidency."

SIX FOOT THREE COMMITTEE MAN

Tall Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who was one of the committee to inform Mr. Lincoln of his nomination at Chicago Convention, had been eyeing Mr. Lincoln's lofty form with a mixture of admiration, and very likely jealousy. This had not escaped Mr. Lincoln, and as he shook hands with the Judge he inquired: "What is your height?" "Six feet three; what is yours, Mr. Lincoln?" "Six feet four."

"Then," said the Judge, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear sir, for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to, and I've found him at last in the land where we thought there were none but little giants."

LINCOLN AND THE MINISTERS

At the time of Lincoln's nomination, at Chicago, Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, occupied a room adjoining and opening into the Executive Chamber at Springfield. Frequently this door was open during Mr. Lincoln's receptions, and throughout the seven months or more of his occupation he saw him nearly every day. Often, when Mr. Lincoln was tired, he closed the door against all intruders, and called Mr. Bateman into his room for a quiet talk. On one of these occasions, Mr. Lincoln took up a book containing a canvass of the city of Springfield, in which he lived, showing the candidate for whom each citizen had declared it his intention to vote in the approaching election. Mr. Lincoln's friends had, doubtless at his own request, placed the result of the canvass in his hands. This was towards the close of October, and only a few days before election. Calling Mr. Bateman to a seat by his side, having previously locked all the doors, he said:

"Let us look over this book; I wish particularly to see how the ministers of Springfield are going to vote."

The leaves were turned, one by one, and as the names were examined Mr. Lincoln frequently asked if this one and that one was not a minister, or an elder, or a member of such and such a church, and sadly expressed

his surprise on receiving an affirmative answer. In that manner he went through the book, and then he closed it, and sat silently for some minutes regarding a memorandum in pencil which lay before him. At length he turned to Mr. Bateman, with a face full of sadness, and said:

"Here are twenty-three ministers of different denominations, and all of them are against me but three, and here are a great many prominent members of churches, a very large majority are against me. Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian — God knows I would be one — but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book," and he drew forth a pocket New Testament.

"These men well know," he continued, "that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere, as free as the Constitution and the laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me; I do not understand it at all."

Here Mr. Lincoln paused — paused for long minutes, his features surcharged with emotion. Then he rose and walked up and down the reception-room in the effort to retain or regain his self-possession. Stopping at last, he said, with a trembling voice and cheeks wet with tears:

"I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but Truth is everything. I know I am right,

because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand; and Christ and Reason say the same, and they will find it so.

"Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find they have not read their Bible right."

Much of this was uttered as if he were speaking to himself, and with a sad, earnest solemnity of manner impossible to be described. After a pause he resumed:

"Doesn't it seem strange that men can ignore the moral aspect of this contest? No revelation could make it plainer to me that slavery or the Government must be destroyed. The future would be something awful, as I look at it, but for this rock on which I stand" (alluding to the Testament which he still held in his hand), "especially with the knowledge of how these ministers are going to vote. It seems as if God had borne with this thing (slavery) until the teachers of religion have come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it a divine character and sanction; and now the cup of iniquity is full, and the vials of wrath will be poured out."

Everything he said was of a peculiarly deep, tender, and religious tone, and all was tinged with a touching melancholy. He repeatedly referred to his conviction that the day of wrath was at hand, and that he was to be an actor in the terrible struggle which would issue

in the overthrow of slavery, although he might not live to see the end.

After further reference to a belief in the Divine Providence and the fact of God in history, the conversation turned upon prayer. He freely stated his belief in the duty, privilege, and efficacy of prayer, and intimated, in no unmistakable terms, that he had sought in that way Divine guidance and favor. The effect of this conversation upon the mind of Mr. Bateman, a Christian gentleman whom Mr. Lincoln profoundly respected, was to convince him that Mr. Lincoln had, in a quiet way, found a path to the Christian standpoint — that he had found God, and rested on the eternal truth of God. As the two men were about to separate, Mr. Bateman remarked:

"I have not supposed that you were accustomed to think so much upon this class of subjects; certainly your friends generally are ignorant of the sentiments you have expressed to me."

He replied quickly: "I know they are, but I think more on these subjects than upon all others, and I have done so for years; and I am willing you should know it."

CROSSING A RIVER WHEN HE GOT TO IT

Lincoln's reply to a Springfield (Illinois) clergyman, who asked him what was to be his policy on the slavery question was most apt:

"Well, your question is rather a cool one, but I will answer it by telling you a story:

"You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher? and you know Fox River and its freshets?

"Well, once in the presence of Father B., a young Methodist was worrying about Fox River, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river.

"Father B. checked him in his gravest manner. Said he:

"'Young man, I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox River till I get to it.'

"And," said the President, "I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it."

A few days afterward a Methodist minister called on the President, and on being presented to him, said, simply:

"Mr. President, I have come to tell you that I think we have got to Fox River!"

Lincoln thanked the clergyman, and laughed heartily.

WHAT AILED THE BOYS

Mr. Roland Diller, who was one of Mr. Lincoln's neighbors in Springfield, tells the following:

"I was called to the door one day by the cries of children in the street, and there was Mr. Lincoln, striding by with two of his boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. 'Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?' I asked.

"'Just what's the matter with the whole world,' Lincoln replied. 'I've got three walnuts, and each wants two.'"

'TWAS "MOVING DAY"

Speed, who was a prosperous young merchant of Springfield, reports that Lincoln's personal effects con-

sisted of a pair of saddle-bags, containing two or three lawbooks, and a few pieces of clothing. Riding on a borrowed horse, he thus made his appearance in Springfield. When he discovered that a single bedstead would cost seventeen dollars he said, "It is probably cheap enough, but I have not enough money to pay for it." When Speed offered to trust him, he said: "If I fail here as a lawyer, I will probably never pay you at all." Then Speed offered to share a large double bed with him.

"Where is your room?" Lincoln asked.

"Upstairs," said Speed, pointing from the store leading to his room. Without saying a word, he took his saddle-bags on his arms, went upstairs, set them down on the floor, came down again, and with a face beaming with pleasure and smiles, exclaimed: "Well, Speed, I'm moved."

FORGOT EVERYTHING HE KNEW

President Lincoln, while entertaining a few friends, is said to have related the following anecdote of a man who knew too much:

During the administration of President Jackson there was a singular young gentleman employed in the Public Postoffice in Washington.

His name was G.; he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interference was distasteful.

Among other things, it is said of him that while em-

ployed in the General Postoffice, on one occasion he had to copy a letter to Major H., a high official, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman in Virginia or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new postoffice.

The writer of the letter said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office.

When the letter came into G.'s hand to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to."

Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered his letter.

"Why," replied G., "because I don't think the man would understand what you mean by proximity."

"Well," said Major H., "try him; put in the 'proximity' again."

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said that his father had fought for liberty in the second war for independence, and he should like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong against him.

"There," said G., "did I not say so?"

G. carried his improvements so far that Mr. Berry, the Postmaster-General, said to him: "I don't want you any longer; you know too much."

Poor G. went out, but his old friend got him another place.

This time G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy writing, when a stranger called in and asked him where the Patent Office was.

"I don't know," said G.

"Can you tell me where the Treasury Department is?" said the stranger.

"No," said G.

"Nor the President's house?"

"No."

The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was.

"No," replied G.

"Do you live in Washington, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said G.

"Good Lord! and don't you know where the Patent Office, Treasury, President's House and Capitol are?"

"Stranger," said G., "I was turned out of the post-office for knowing too much. I don't mean to offend in that way again.

"I am paid for keeping this book.

"I believe I know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more you may take my head."

"Good morning," said the stranger.

LINCOLN'S LOVE OF SOLDIER HUMOR

Lincoln loved anything that savored of wit or humor among the soldiers in their deprivations and sufferings. He used to relate these two stories often to show, he said, that neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier:

"A soldier of the Army of the Potomac was being carried to the rear of battle with both legs shot off, who, seeing a pie-woman hovering about, asked, 'Say, old lady, are them pies sewed or pegged?'

"And there was another one of the soldiers at the battle of Chancellorsville, whose regiment, waiting to

be called into the fight, was taking coffee. The hero of the story put to his lips a crockery mug which he had carried, with infinite care, through several campaigns. A stray bullet, just missing the drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments and left only the handle on his finger. Turning his head in that direction, he scowled, ' Johnny, you can't do that again.' "

ADVISES AN ANGRY OFFICER

An officer, having had some trouble with General Sherman, being very angry, presented himself before Mr. Lincoln, who was visiting the camp, and said, "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to Colonel Sherman and he threatened to shoot me." "Threatened to shoot you?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Well [in a stage whisper], if I were you and he threatens to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

"HELP ME LET THIS HOG GO"

The terrible butchery at the battle of Fredericksburg, made Lincoln almost broken-hearted.

Governor Custer, of Pennsylvania, expressed his regrets that his description had so sadly affected the President. He remarked: "I would give all I possess to know how to rescue you from this terrible war." Then Mr. Lincoln's wonderful recuperative powers asserted themselves and this marvelous man was himself.

Lincoln's whole aspect suddenly changed, and he relieved his mind by telling a story.

"This reminds me, Governor," he said, "of an old farmer out in Illinois that I used to know.

"He took it into his head to go into hog-raising. He sent out to Europe and imported the finest breed of hogs he could buy.

"The prize hog was put in a pen, and the farmer's two mischievous boys, James and John, were told to be sure not to let it out. But James, the worst of the two, let the brute out the next day. The hog went straight for the boys, and drove John up a tree, then the hog went for the seat of James' trousers, and the only way the boy could save himself was by holding on to the hog's tail.

"The hog would not give up his hunt, nor the boy his hold! After they had made a good many circles around the tree, the boy's courage began to give out, and he shouted to his brother, 'I say, John, come down, quick, and help me let go this hog!'

"Now, Governor, that is exactly my case. I wish someone would come and help me to let the hog go."

THE SKUNK STORY

The President had decided to select a new war minister, and the leading Republican Senators thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet ministers. They, therefore, earnestly advised him to make a clean sweep, and select seven new men, and so restore the waning confidence of the country. The President listened with patient courtesy, and when the Senators had concluded he said, with a characteristic gleam of humor in his eye:

"Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole

Cabinet because I have made one change, reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois, of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. His wife insisted on his trying to get rid of them. He loaded his shotgun one moonlight night and awaited developments. After some time the wife heard the shotgun go off, and, in a few minutes, the farmer entered the house. 'What luck have you?' said she. 'I hid myself behind the wood-pile,' said the old man, 'with the shotgun pointed towards the hen roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk, but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go.'"

The Senators laughed and retired.

PASSES TO RICHMOND

A GENTLEMAN called upon President Lincoln before the fall of Richmond and solicited a pass for that place. "I should be very happy to oblige you," said the President, "if my passes were respected; but the fact is, I have, within the past two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond and not one has got there yet."

"GRANT'S WHISKY" THE RIGHT KIND

JUST previous to the fall of Vicksburg a self-constituted committee, solicitous for the morals of our armies, took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of General Grant.

In some surprise Mr. Lincoln inquired, "For what reason?"

"Why," replied the spokesman, "he drinks too much whisky."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, dropping his lower lip, "by the way, gentlemen, can either of you tell me where General Grant procures his whisky? Because, if I can find out, I will send every general in the field a barrel of it!"

"LET JEFF ESCAPE, I DON'T WANT HIM"

When Grant saw that Lee must soon capitulate, Grant asked the President whether he should try to capture Jeff. Davis, or let him escape from the country if he would. The President said:

"About that, I told him the story of an Irishman, who had the pledge of Father Matthew. He became terribly thirsty, and applied to the bartender for a lemonade, and while it was being prepared he whispered to him, 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it all unbeknown to myself?' I told Grant if he could let Jeff. Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, to let him go, I didn't want him."

A VERY BRAINY NUBBIN

President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward met Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, on February 2d, 1865, on the *River Queen*, at Fortress Monroe. Stephens was enveloped in overcoats and shawls, and had the appearance of a fair-sized man. He began to take off one wrapping after another, until the small, shriveled old man stood before them.

Lincoln quietly said to Seward: "This is the largest shucking for so small a nubbin that I ever saw."

President Lincoln had a friendly conference, but presented his ultimatum — that the one and only condition of peace was that Confederates "must cease their resistance."

HELPED OUT THE SOLDIERS

Judge Thomas B. Bryan, of Chicago, a member of the Union Defense Committee during the War, related the following concerning the original copy of the Emancipation Proclamation:

"I asked Mr. Lincoln for the original draft of the Proclamation," said Judge Bryan, "for the benefit of our Sanitary Fair, in 1865. He sent it and accompanied it with a note in which he said:

"'I had intended to keep this paper, but if it will help the soldiers, I give it to you.'

"The paper was put up at auction and brought $3,000. The buyer afterward sold it again to friends of Mr. Lincoln at a greatly advanced price, and it was placed in the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society, where it was burned in the great fire of 1871."

"THE ENEMY ARE 'OURN'"

Early in the Presidential campaign of 1864, President Lincoln said one night to a late caller at the White House:

"We have met the enemy and they are 'ourn'! I think the cabal of obstructionists 'am busted.' I feel

certain that, if I live, I am going to be reëlected. Whether I deserve to be or not, it is not for me to say; but on the score even of remunerative chances for speculative service, I now am inspired with the hope that our disturbed country further requires the valuable services of your humble servant. 'Jordan has been a hard road to travel,' but I feel now that, notwithstanding the enemies I have made and the faults I have committed, I'll be dumped on the right side of that stream.

"I hope, however, that I may never have another four years of such anxiety, tribulation and abuse. My only ambition is and has been to put down the rebellion and restore peace, after which I want to resign my office, go abroad, take some rest, study foreign governments, see something of foreign life, and in my old age die in peace with all of the good of God's creatures."

"AND — HERE I AM!"

An old acquaintance of the President visited him in Washington. Lincoln desired to give him a place. Thus encouraged, the visitor, who was an honest man, but wholly inexperienced in public affairs or business, asked for a high office, Superintendent of the Mint.

The President was aghast, and said: "Good gracious! Why didn't he ask to be Secretary of the Treasury, and have done with it?"

Afterward, he said: "Well, now, I never thought Mr. —— had anything more than average ability, when we were young men together. But, then, I suppose he thought the same thing about me, and — here I am!"

LIEUTENANT TAD LINCOLN'S SENTINELS

President Lincoln's favorite son, Tad, having been sportively commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Army by Secretary Stanton, procured several muskets and drilled the men-servants of the house in the manual of arms without attracting the attention of his father. And one night, to his consternation, he put them all on duty, and relieved the regular sentries, who, seeing the lad in full uniform, or perhaps appreciating the joke, gladly went to their quarters. His brother objected; but Tad insisted upon his rights as an officer. The President laughed but declined to interfere, but when the lad had lost his little authority in his boyish sleep, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States went down and personally discharged the sentries his son had put on the post.

SHORT, BUT EXCITING

William B. Wilson, employed in the telegraph office at the War Department, ran over to the White House one day to summon Mr. Lincoln. He described the trip back to the War Department in this manner:

"Calling one of his two younger boys to join him, we then started from the White House, between stately trees, along a gravel path which led to the rear of the old War Department building. It was a warm day, and Mr. Lincoln wore as part of his costume a faded gray linen duster which hung loosely around his long gaunt frame; his kindly eye was beaming with good nature, and his ever-thoughtful brow was unruffled.

"We had barely reached the gravel walk before he

stooped over, picked up a round smooth pebble, and shooting it off his thumb, challenged us to a game of 'followings,' which we accepted. Each in turn tried to hit the outlying stone, which was being constantly projected onward by the President. The game was short, but exciting; the cheerfulness of childhood, the ambition of young manhood, and the gravity of the statesman were all injected into it.

"The game was not won until the steps of the War Department were reached. Every inch of progression was toughly contested, and when the President was declared victor, it was only by a hand span. He appeared to be as much pleased as if he had won a battle."

HE WANTED A STEADY HAND

When the Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln by Secretary Seward, for the President's signature, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in the ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment, then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation, he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'"

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again,

and slowly, firmly wrote "Abraham Lincoln," with which the whole world is now familiar.

He then looked up, smiled, and said, "That will do."

THE NEGRO AND THE CROCODILE

In one of his political speeches, Judge Douglas made use of the following figure of speech: "As between the crocodile and the negro, I take the side of the negro; but as between the negro and the white man — I would go for the white man every time."

Lincoln, at home, noted that; and afterward, when he had occasion to refer to the remark, he said: "I believe that this is a sort of proposition in proportion, which may be stated thus: 'As the negro is to the white man, so is the crocodile to the negro; and as the negro may rightfully treat the crocodile as a beast or reptile, so the white man may rightfully treat the negro as a beast or reptile.'"

ENTERED THE COLT

Mr. Lincoln was seen coming away from church, unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr. Alcott. "'Tad' was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddle-bags, and Mr. Lincoln was striding along with long, deliberate steps toward his home. On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow-townsmen. Mr. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were

only too familiar, said: 'Gentlemen, I entered this colt, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him.'"

"TAD" GOT HIS DOLLAR

No matter who was with the President, or how intently absorbed, his little son "Tad" was always welcome. He almost always accompanied his father.

Once, on the way to Fortress Monroe, he became very troublesome. The President was much engaged in conversation with the party who accompanied him, and he at length said:

"'Tad,' if you will be a good boy, and not disturb me any more until we get to Fortress Monroe, I will give you a dollar."

The hope of reward was effectual for awhile in securing silence, but, boylike, "Tad" soon forgot his promise, and was as noisy as ever. Upon reaching their destination, however, he said, very promptly: "Father, I want my dollar." Mr. Lincoln looked at him half-reproachfully for an instant, and then, taking from his pocketbook a dollar note, he said: "Well, my son, at any rate, I will keep my part of the bargain."

LINCOLN'S APOLOGY TO GRANT

"General Grant is a copious worker and fighter," President Lincoln wrote to General Burnside in July, 1863, "but a meager writer or telegrapher."

Grant never wrote a report until the battle was over.

President Lincoln wrote a letter to General Grant on July 13th, 1863, which indicated the strength of the hold the successful fighter had upon the man in the White House.

It ran as follows:

"I do not remember that you and I ever met personally.

"I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country.

"I write to say a word further.

"When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope, that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition, and the like, could succeed.

"When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of Big Black, I feared it was a mistake.

"I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

LINCOLN SAID "BY JING"

Lincoln never used profanity, except when he quoted it to illustrate a point in a story. His favorite expressions when he spoke with emphasis were "By dear!" and "By jing!"

Just preceding the Civil War he sent Ward Lamon on a ticklish mission to South Carolina.

When the proposed trip was mentioned to Secretary Seward, he opposed it, saying, "Mr. President, I fear you are sending Lamon to his grave. I am afraid they will kill him in Charleston, where the people are ex-

cited and desperate. We can't spare Lamon, and we shall feel badly if anything happens to him."

Mr. Lincoln said in reply: "I have known Lamon to be in many a close place, and he has never been in one that he didn't get out of, somehow. By jing! I'll risk him. Go ahead, Lamon, and God bless you! If you can't bring back any good news, bring a palmetto."

Lamon brought back a palmetto branch, but no promise of peace.

THE GUN SHOT BETTER

The President took a lively interest in all new fire arm improvements and inventions, and it sometimes happened that, when an inventor could get nobody else in the Government to listen to him, the President would personally test his gun. A former clerk in the Navy Department tells an incident illustrative.

He had stayed late one night at his desk, when he heard someone striding up and down the hall muttering: "I do wonder if they have gone already and left the building all alone." Looking out, the clerk was surprised to see the President.

"Good evening," said Mr. Lincoln. "I was just looking for that man who goes shooting with me sometimes."

The clerk knew Mr. Lincoln referred to a certain messenger of the Ordnance Department who had been accustomed to going with him to test weapons, but as this man had gone home, the clerk offered his services. Together they went to the lawn south of the White House, where Mr. Lincoln fixed up a target cut from a sheet of white Congressional notepaper.

" Then pacing off a distance of about eighty or a hundred feet," writes the clerk, " he raised the rifle to a level, took a quick aim, and drove the round of seven shots in quick succession, the bullets shooting all around the target like a Gatling gun and one striking near the center.

" ' I believe I can make this gun shoot better,' said Mr. Lincoln, after we had looked at the result of the first fire. With this he took from his vest pocket a small wooden sight which he had whittled from a pine stick, and adjusted it over the sight of the carbine. He then shot two rounds, and of the fourteen bullets nearly a dozen hit the paper! "

FORNINST THE GOVERNMENT

The Governor-General, with some of his principal officers, visited Lincoln in the summer of 1864.

They had been very troublesome in harboring blockade runners, and they were said to have carried on a large trade from their ports with the Confederates.

Lincoln treated his guests with great courtesy. After a pleasant interview, the Governor, alluding to the coming Presidential election, said jokingly, but with a grain of sarcasm, " I understand, Mr. President, that everybody votes in this country. If we remain until November, can we vote? "

" You remind me," replied the President, " of a countryman of yours, a green emigrant from Ireland. Pat arrived on election day, and perhaps was as eager as your Excellency to vote and to vote early, and late and often.

" So upon landing at Castle Garden, he hastened to

the nearest voting place, and, as he approached, the judge who received the ballots inquired, 'Who do you want to vote for? On which side are you?' Poor Pat was embarrassed, he did not know who were the candidates. He stopped, scratched his head, then, with the readiness of his countrymen, he said:

"'I am forninst the Government, any how. Tell me, if your Honor plases, which is the rebellion side, and I'll tell you how I want to vote. In ould Ireland, I was always on the rebellion side, and, by Saint Patrick, I'll do that same in America.' Your Excellency," said Mr. Lincoln, "would, I should think, not be at all at a loss on which side to vote!"

"ONE WAR AT A TIME"

Nothing in Lincoln's entire career better illustrated the surprising resources of his mind than his manner of dealing with "The Trent Affair." The readiness and ability with which he met this perilous emergency, in a field entirely new to his experience, was worthy the most accomplished diplomat and statesman. Admirable, also, was his cool courage and self-reliance in following a course radically opposed to the prevailing sentiment throughout the country and in Congress, and contrary to the advice of his own Cabinet.

Secretary of the Navy Wells hastened to approve officially the act of Captain Wilkes in apprehending the Confederate Commissioners Mason and Slidell, Secretary Stanton publicly applauded, and even Secretary of State Seward, whose long public career had made him especially conservative, stated that he was opposed to any concession or surrender of Mason and Slidell.

But Lincoln, with great sagacity, simply said, "One war at a time."

HARDTACK WANTED, NOT GENERALS

Secretary Stanton told the President the following that greatly amused him, as he was especially fond of a joke at the expense of some high military or civil dignitary.

When Stanton was making a trip up the Broad river in North Carolina, in a tub boat, a Federal picket yelled out, "What have you got on board of that tug?"

The severe and dignified answer was, "The Secretary of War and Major-General Foster."

Instantly the picket roared back, "We've got Major-Generals enough up here. Why don't you bring us up some hardtack?"

CONSCRIPTING DEAD MEN

Mr. Lincoln being found fault with for making another "call," said that if the country required it, he would continue to do so until the matter stood as described by a Western provost marshal, who says:

"I listened a short time since to a butternut-clad individual, who succeeded in making good his escape, expatiate most eloquently on the rigidness with which the conscription was enforced south of the Tennessee River. His response to a question propounded by a citizen ran somewhat in this wise:

"'Do they conscript close over the river?'

"'Stranger, I should think they did! They take every man who hasn't been dead more than two days!'

"If this is correct, the Confederacy has at least a ghost of a chance left."

And of another, a Methodist minister in Kansas, living on a small salary, who was greatly troubled to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as he was suffering for the necessaries of life.

"Money!" replied the trustees; "you preach for money? We thought you preached for the good of souls!"

"Souls!" responded the reverend; "I can't eat souls; and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal!"

"That soul is the point, sir," said the President.

"HONEST OLD ABE"

"An old man hailing from Mississippi, dressed in plain homespun, came to our city Saturday. He mingled freely with the Republican Representatives, got their news, and seemed to think we are not quite so black as we are represented.

"He called on Mr. Lincoln, talked freely with him, and heard the President-elect express his sentiments and intentions. He learned that Mr. Lincoln entertained none but the kindest feelings towards the people of the South, and that he would protect the South in her just rights.

"He had a long conversation, and went away delighted. He left the office of Mr. Lincoln in company with a friend, who communicated this to us, and when outside the door he remarked, while the tears stole down his furrowed cheeks: 'Oh! if the people of the South

could hear what I have heard, they would love and not hate Mr. Lincoln. I will tell my friends at home; but,' he added sorrowfully, 'they will not believe me.' He said that he did wish that every man in the South could be personally acquainted with Mr. Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

On February 5th, 1865, President Lincoln formulated a message to Congress, proposing the payment of $400,000,000 to the South as compensation for slaves lost by emancipation, and submitted it to his Cabinet, only to be unanimously rejected.

Lincoln sadly accepted the decision, and filed away the manuscript message, together with this indorsement thereon, to which his signature was added: "February 5, 1865. To-day these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them."

When the proposed message was disapproved, Lincoln soberly asked: "How long will the war last?"

To this none could make answer, and he added: "We are spending now, in carrying on the war, $3,000,000 a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives."

PRESIDENT NOMINATED FIRST

The day of Lincoln's second nomination for the Presidency he forgot all about the Republican National Convention, sitting at Baltimore, and wandered over to the War Department. While there, a telegram came,

announcing the nomination of Johnson as Vice-President.

"What," said Lincoln to the operator, "do they nominate a Vice-President before they do a President?"

"Why," replied the astonished official, "have you not heard of your own nomination? It was sent to the White House two hours ago."

"It is all right," replied the President; "I shall probably find it on my return."

WOMEN PLEAD FOR PARDONS

One day during the War an attractively and handsomely dressed woman called on President Lincoln to procure the release from prison of a relation in whom she professed the deepest interest.

She was a good talker, and her winning ways seemed to make a deep impression on the President. After listening to her story, he wrote a few words on a card: "This woman, dear Stanton, is a little smarter than she looks to be," enclosed it in an envelope and directed her to take it to the Secretary of War.

On the same day another woman called, more humble in appearance, more plainly clad. It was the old story.

Father and son both in the army, the former in prison. Could not the latter be discharged from the army and sent home to help his mother?

A few strokes of the pen, a gentle nod of the head, and the little woman, her eyes filling with tears and expressing a grateful acknowledgment her tongue could not utter, passed out.

A lady so thankful for the release of her husband was

in the act of kneeling in thankfulness. "Get up," he said, "don't kneel to me, but thank God and go."

An old lady for the same reason came forward with tears in her eyes to express her gratitude. "Good-by, Mr. Lincoln," said she; "I shall probably never see you again till we meet in heaven." She had the President's hand in hers, and he was deeply moved. He instantly took her right hand in both of his, and, following her to the door, said, "I am afraid with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting-place you speak of; but if I do, I am sure I shall find you. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-by."

Then the President remarked to a friend, "It is more than many can often say, that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day. Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

HAD TO WAIT FOR HIM

President Lincoln, having arranged to go to New York, was late for his train, much to the disgust of those who were to accompany him, and all were compelled to wait several hours until the next train steamed out of the station. President Lincoln was much amused at the dissatisfaction displayed, and then ventured the remark that the situation reminded him of "a little story." Said he:

"Out in Illinois, a convict who had murdered his cell-mate was sentenced to be hanged. On the day set for the execution, crowds lined the roads leading to the spot

where the scaffold had been erected, and there was much jostling and excitement. The condemned man took matters coolly, and as one batch of perspiring, anxious men rushed past the cart in which he was riding, he called out, 'Don't be in a hurry, boys. You've got plenty of time. There won't be any fun until I get there.'

"That's the condition of things now," concluded the President; "there won't be any fun at New York until I get there."

HOW HOMINY WAS ORIGINATED

During the progress of a Cabinet meeting the subject of food for the men in the Army happened to come up. From that the conversation changed to the study of the Latin language.

"I studied Latin once," said Mr. Lincoln, in a casual way.

"Were you interested in it?" asked Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State.

"Well, yes. I saw some very curious things," was the President's rejoinder.

"What?" asked Secretary Seward.

"Well, there's the word hominy, for instance. We have just ordered a lot of that stuff for the troops. I see how the word originated. I notice it came from the Latin word homo — a man.

"When we decline homo, it is:

"'Homo — a man.

"'Hominis — of man.

"'Homini — for man.'

"So you see, hominy, being 'for man,' comes from

the Latin. I guess those soldiers who don't know Latin will get along with it all right — though I won't rest real easy until I hear from the Commissary Department on it."

HIS IDEAS OLD, AFTER ALL

One day, while listening to one of the wise men who had called at the White House to unload a large cargo of advice, the President interjected a remark to the effect that he had a great reverence for learning.

"This is not," President Lincoln explained, "because I am not an educated man. I feel the need of reading. It is a loss to a man not to have grown up among books."

"Men of force," the visitor answered, "can get on pretty well without books. They do their own thinking instead of adopting what other men think."

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "but books serve to show a man that those original thoughts of his aren't very new, after all."

This was a point the caller was not willing to debate, and so he cut his call short.

HE'D RUIN ALL THE OTHER CONVICTS

One of the droll stories brought into play by the President as an ally in support of his contention, proved most effective. Politics was rife among the generals of the Union Army, and there was more "wire-pulling" to prevent the advancement of fellow commanders than the laying of plans to defeat the Confederates in battle.

However, when it so happened that the name of a par-

ticularly unpopular general was sent to the Senate for confirmation, the protest against his promotion was al-almost unanimous. The nomination didn't seem to please anyone. Generals who were enemies before conferred together for the purpose of bringing every possible influence to bear upon the Senate and securing the rejection of the hated leader's name. The President was surprised. He had never known such unanimity before.

"You remind me," said the President to a delegation of officers which called upon him one day to present a fresh protest to him regarding the nomination, "of a visit a certain Governor paid to the Penitentiary of his State. It had been announced that the Governor would hear the story of every inmate of the institution, and was prepared to rectify, either by commutation or pardon, any wrongs that had been done to any prisoner.

"One by one the convicts appeared before His Excellency, and each one maintained that he was an innocent man, who had been sent to prison because the police didn't like him, or his friends and relatives wanted his property, or he was too popular, etc., etc. The last prisoner to appear was an individual who was not at all prepossessing. His face was against him; his eyes were shifty; he didn't have the appearance of an honest man, and he didn't act like one.

"'Well,' asked the Governor, impatiently, 'I suppose you're innocent like the rest of these fellows?'

"'No, Governor,' was the unexpected answer; 'I was guilty of the crime they charged against me, and I got just what I deserved.'

"When he had recovered from his astonishment, the Governor, looking the fellow square in the face, re-

marked with emphasis: 'I'll have to pardon you, because I don't want to leave so bad a man as you are in the company of such innocent sufferers as I have discovered your fellow-convicts to be. You might corrupt them and teach them wicked tricks. As soon as I get back to the capital, I'll have the papers made out.'

"You gentlemen," continued the President, "ought to be glad that so bad a man is going to have his promotion so you will not be contaminated by associating with him."

WISHED THE ARMY CHARGED LIKE THAT

A PROMINENT volunteer officer who, early in the War, was on duty in Washington and often carried reports to Secretary Stanton at the War Department, told a characteristic story on President Lincoln. Said he:

"I was with several other young officers, also carrying reports to the War Department, and one morning we were late. In this instance we were in a desperate hurry to deliver the papers, in order to be able to catch the train returning to camp.

"On the winding, dark staircase of the old War Department, which many will remember, it was our misfortune, while taking about three stairs at a time, to run a certain head like a catapult into the body of the President, striking him in the region of the right lower vest pocket.

"The usual surprised and relaxed grunt of a man thus assailed came promptly.

"We quickly sent an apology in the direction of the dimly seen form, feeling that the ungracious shock was

expensive, even to the humblest clerk in the department.

"A second glance revealed to us the President as the victim of the collision. Then followed a special tender of 'ten thousand pardons,' and the President's reply:

"'One's enough; I wish the whole army would charge like that.'"

"DID YE ASK MORRISSEY YET?"

John Morrissey, the noted prize fighter, was the "Boss" of Tammany Hall during the Civil War period. It pleased his fancy to go to Congress, and his obedient constituents sent him there. Morrissey was such an absolute despot that the New York City democracy could not make a move without his consent, and many of the Tammanyites were so afraid of him that they would not even enter into business ventures without consulting the autocrat.

President Lincoln had been seriously annoyed by some of his generals, who were afraid to make the slightest move before asking advice from Washington. One commander, in particular, was so cautious that he telegraphed the War Department upon the slightest pretext, the result being that his troops were lying in camp doing nothing, when they should have been in the field.

"This general reminds me," the President said one day while talking to Secretary Stanton, at the War Department, "of a story I once heard about a Tammany man. He happened to meet a friend, also a member of Tammany, on the street, and in the course of the talk the friend, who was beaming with smiles and good nature, told the other Tammanyite that he was going to be married.

"This first Tammany man looked more serious than men usually do upon hearing of the impending happiness of a friend. In fact, his face seemed to take on a look of anxiety and worry.

"'Ain't you glad to know that I'm to get married?' demanded the second Tammanyite, somewhat in a huff.

"'Of course, I am,' was the reply; 'but,' putting his mouth close to the ear of the other, 'have you asked Morrissey yet?'

"Now, this general of whom we are speaking, wouldn't dare order out the guard without asking Morrissey," concluded the President.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

The President noticed a small, pale, delicate looking boy, about thirteen years old, among the number in the ante-chamber. The President saw him standing there, looking so feeble and faint, and said: "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with a bowed head and timid accents said: "Mr. President, I have been a drummer boy in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick and have been a long time in the hospital." The President discovered that the boy had no home, no father — he had died in the army — no mother. "I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters, and," bursting into tears, "no friends — nobody cares for me." Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and the boy's heart was soon made glad by a request to certain officials "to care for this poor boy."

"UNCLE ABRAHAM" HAD EVERYTHING READY

"You can't do anything with them Southern fellows," the old man at the table was saying.

"If they get whipped, they'll retreat to them Southern swamps and bayous along with the fishes and crocodiles. You haven't got the fish-nets made that'll catch 'em."

"Look here, old gentleman," remarked President Lincoln, who was sitting alongside, "we've got just the nets for traitors, in the bayous or anywhere."

"Hey? What nets?"

"Bayou-nets!" and "Uncle Abraham" pointed his joke with his fork, spearing a fishball savagely.

A CASE WHERE LINCOLN THOUGHT SHOOTING WOULD DO NO GOOD

The Hon. Mr. Kellogg, representative from Essex County, N. Y., received a dispatch one evening from the army to the effect that a young townsman who had been induced to enlist through his instrumentality had, for a serious demeanor, been convicted by a court-martial and was to be shot the next day. Greatly agitated, Mr. Kellogg went to the Secretary of War and urged, in the strongest manner, a reprieve. Stanton was inexorable.

"Too many cases of this kind had been let off," said he, "and it was time an example was made."

Exhausting his eloquence in vain, Mr. Kellogg said:

"Well, Mr. Secretary, the boy is not going to be shot, of that I give you fair warning!"

Leaving the War Department, he went directly to the

White House, although the hour was late. The sentinel on duty told him that special orders had been given to admit no one whatever that night.

After a long parley, by pledging himself to assume the responsibility of the act, the Congressman passed in. Mr. Lincoln had retired, but indifferent to etiquette or ceremony, Judge Kellogg pressed his way through all obstacles to his sleeping apartment. In an excited manner he stated that the dispatch announcing the hour of execution had just reached him.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine; I can't allow him to be shot!"

Mr. Lincoln had remained in bed, quietly listening to the protestations of his old friend (they were in Congress together). He at length said:

"Well, I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen."

And so saying, "red tape" was unceremoniously cut, and another poor fellow's life was indefinitely extended.

THE PRESIDENT'S OBEYING ORDERS

The President was at the battle of Fort Stevens, and standing in a very exposed position, he apparently had been recognized by the enemy. A young colonel of artillery, who appeared to be the officer of the day, finally decided to insist on the President removing to a safer location.

He walked to where the President was looking over the parapet, and said, "Mr. President, you are standing within range of four hundred rebel rifles. Please come

down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men, and make you."

"And you would do quite right, my boy!" said the President, coming down at once. "You are in command of the fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience!"

THE MILLIONAIRES WHO WANTED A GUNBOAT

A DELEGATION of New York millionaires in 1862 waited on President Lincoln to request that he furnish a gunboat for the protection of New York harbor.

Mr. Lincoln, after listening patiently, said, "Gentlemen: The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb; greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar; it is impossible for me, in the present condition of things, to furnish you a gunboat, and, in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you, gentlemen, are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the Government."

They went away — but they did not build the gunboat.

STANTON CALLED LINCOLN A FOOL

MR. LOVEJOY, heading a committee of western men, discussed an important scheme with the President, and was then directed to explain it to Secretary Stanton. Upon presenting themselves to the Secretary, and showing the President's order, the Secretary said, "Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" "He did, sir."

" Then he is a d——d fool," said the angry Secretary. " Do you mean to say that the President is a d——d fool? " asked Lovejoy, in amazement. " Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that."

The bewildered Illinoisan betook himself at once to the President and related the result of the conference. " Did Stanton say I was a d——d fool? " asked Lincoln, at the close of the recital. " He did, sir, and repeated it." After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said: " If Stanton said I was a d——d fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will slip over and see him."

A PETITIONER'S SUDDEN CHANGE OF MIND

The President was feeling indisposed, and had sent for his physician, who upon his arrival informed the President that his trouble was either varioloid, or mild smallpox. " They're all over me. Is it contagious? " said Mr. Lincoln. " Yes," answered the Doctor, " very contagious, indeed."

" Well," said a visitor, " I can't stop. I just called to see you."

" Oh, don't be in a hurry, sir," placidly said the President.

" Thank you, sir; I'll call again," retreating abruptly.

" Some people," said the Executive, looking after him, " said they could not take very well to my proclamation, but now, I am happy to say, I have something that everybody can take."

LINCOLN'S MODESTY

Secretary Chase, when Secretary of the Treasury, had a disagreement, and the Secretary had resigned.

The President was urged not to accept it, as "Secretary Chase is to-day a national necessity," his advisers said. "How mistaken you are!" he quietly observed. "Yet it is not strange; I used to have similar notions. No! if we should all be turned out to-morrow, and could come back here in a week, we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better.

"As the Irishman said, 'In this country one man is as good as another; and, for the matter of that, very often a great deal better.' No; this Government does not depend upon the life of any man."

HOW YOUNG DANIEL WEBSTER ESCAPES A FLOGGING, AS RELATED BY LINCOLN

Mr. Lincoln, on one occasion, narrated to Hon. Mr. Odell and others, with much zest, the following story about young Daniel Webster:

When quite young, at school, Daniel was one day guilty of a gross violation of the rules. He was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old-fashioned "feruling" of the hand. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on the way to the teacher's desk, he spit upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off upon the side of his pantaloons.

"Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly.

Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said:

"Daniel, if you will find another hand in this schoolroom as filthy as that, I will let you off this time."

Instantly from behind the back came the left hand. "Here it is, sir," was the ready reply.

"That will do," said the teacher, "for this time; you can take your seat, sir."

DENNIS HANKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Dennis Hanks was once asked to visit Washington to secure the pardon of certain persons in jail for participation in copperheadism. Dennis went and arrived in Washington, and instead of going, as he said, to a "tavern," he went to the White House. There was a porter on guard, and he asked:

"Is Abe in?"

"Do you mean Mr. Lincoln?" asked the porter.

"Yes; is he in there?" and brushing the porter aside he strode into the room and said, "Hello, Abe; how are you?"

And Abe said, "Well!" and just gathered him up in his arms and talked of the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! They talked of their boyhood days, and by and by Lincoln said:

"What brings you here all the way from Illinois?"

And then Dennis told him his mission, and Lincoln replied:

"I will grant it, Dennis, for old-times' sake. I will send for Mr. Stanton. It is his business."

Stanton came into the room, and strolled up and down, and said that the men ought to be punished more

than they were. Mr. Lincoln sat quietly in his chair and waited for the tempest to subside, and then quietly said to Stanton he would like to have the papers next day.

When he had gone Dennis said:

"Abe, if I were as big and as ugly as you are, I would take him over my knee and spank him."

Lincoln replied: "No, Stanton is an able and valuable man for this nation, and I am glad to bear his anger for the service he can give this nation."

UNHEALTHY GROUP OF OFFICE SEEKERS

A DELEGATION was pressing the claims of a gentleman as commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. Among the many points urged was that the applicant was in poor health. The President closed the interview with the good-natured remark: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

THE OLD LADY AND THE PAIR OF STOCKINGS

AN old lady from the country called on the President, her tanned face peering out from the interior of a huge sunbonnet. Her errand was to present Mr. Lincoln a pair of stockings of her own make a yard long.

Kind tears came to his eyes as she spoke to him, and then, holding the stockings one in each hand, dangling wide apart for general inspection, he assured her that

he should take them with him to Washington, where (and here his eyes twinkled) he was sure he should not be able to find any like them. The amusement of the company was not at all diminished by Mr. Boutwell's remark, that the lady had evidently made a very correct estimate of Mr. Lincoln's latitude and longitude.

ONE BULLET AND A HATFUL

Lincoln made the best of everything, and if he couldn't get what he wanted he took what he could get. In matters of policy, while President he acted according to this rule. He would take perilous chances, even when the result was, to the minds of his friends, not worth the risk he had run.

One day at a meeting of the Cabinet, it being at the time when it seemed as though war with England and France could not be avoided, Secretary of State Seward and Secretary of War Stanton warmly advocated that the United States maintain an attitude, the result of which would have been a declaration of hostilities by the European Powers mentioned.

"Why take any more chances than are absolutely necessary?" asked the President.

"We must maintain our honor at any cost," insisted Secretary Seward.

"We would be branded as cowards before the entire world," Secretary Stanton said.

"But why run the greater risk when we can take a smaller one?" queried the President calmly. "The less risk we run the better for us. That reminds me of a story I heard a day or two ago, the hero of which was on the firing line during a recent battle, where the

bullets were flying thick. Finally his courage gave way entirely, and throwing down his gun, he ran for dear life.

"As he was flying along at top speed he came across an officer who drew his revolver and shouted, 'Go back to your regiment at once or I will shoot you!'

"'Shoot and be hanged,' the racer exclaimed. 'What's one bullet to a whole hatful?'"

NOISE LIKE A TURNIP

"Every man has his own peculiar and particular way of getting at and doing things," said President Lincoln one day, "and he is often criticised because that way is not the one adopted by others. The great idea is to accomplish what you set out to do. When a man is successful in whatever he attempts, he has many imitators, and the methods used are not so closely scrutinized, although no man who is of good intent will resort to mean, underhanded, scurvy tricks.

"That reminds me of a fellow out in Illinois, who had better luck in getting prairie chickens than any one in the neighborhood. He had a rusty old gun no other man dared to handle; he never seemed to exert himself, being listless and indifferent when out after game, but he always brought home all the chickens he could carry, while some of the others, with their finely trained dogs and latest improved fowling-pieces, came home alone.

"'How is it, Jake?' inquired one sportsman, who, although a good shot, and knew something about hunting, was often unfortunate, 'that you never come home without a lot of birds?'

"Jake grinned, half closed his eyes, and replied:

'Oh, I don't know that there's anything queer about it. I jes' go ahead an' git 'em.'

"'Yes, I know you do; but how do you do it?'

"'You'll tell.'

"'Honest, Jake, I won't say a word. Hope to drop dead this minute.'

"'Never say nothing, if I tell you?'

"'Cross my heart three times.'

"This reassured Jake, who put his mouth close to the ear of his eager questioner and said, in a whisper:

"'All you got to do is jes' to hide in a fence corner an' make a noise like a turnip. That'll bring the chickens every time.'"

"PLOW ALL 'ROUND HIM"

Governor Blank went to the War Department one day in a towering rage:

"I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you perfectly satisfied," suggested a friend.

"Oh, no," the President replied, "I did not concede anything. You have heard how that Illinois farmer got rid of a big log that was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn.

"'Well, now,' said he, in response to the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday, as to how he got rid of it, 'well, now, boys, if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it — I plowed around it.'

"Now," remarked Lincoln, in conclusion, "don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of Governor Blank. I plowed all round him, but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at."

"I'VE LOST MY APPLE"

During a public "reception," a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves not only to hay, but his horse, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

Mr. Lincoln said that this reminded him of an old acquaintance of his, "Jack" Chase, a lumberman on the Illinois, a steady, sober man, and the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick to take the logs over the rapids; but he was skillful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and "Jack" was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel, going through the rapids. One day when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and "Jack's" utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him with:

"Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would just stop your boat a minute — I've lost my apple overboard!"

A LONG WAY DOWN

A "high" private of the One Hundred and Fortieth Infantry Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded at Chancellorsville, was taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his Commander-in-Chief.

The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless.

At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed. "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"

HELL A MILE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

Ward Lamon told this story of President Lincoln, whom he found one day in a particularly gloomy frame of mind. Lamon said:

"The President remarked, as I came in, 'I fear I have made Senator Wade, of Ohio, my enemy for life.'

"'How?' I asked.

"'Well,' continued the President, 'Wade was here just now urging me to dismiss Grant, and, in response to something he said, I remarked, "Senator, that reminds me of a story."'

"'What did Wade say?' I inquired of the President.

"'He said, in a petulant way,' the President responded, '"It is with you, sir, all story, story! You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on your road to hell, sir, with this government, by your obstinacy, and you are not a mile off this minute."'

"'What did you say then?'

"'I good-naturedly said to him,' the President replied, "'Senator, that is just about from here to the Capitol, is it not?" He was very angry, grabbed up his hat and cane, and went away.'"

"WHO COMMENCED THIS FUSS?"

President Lincoln was at all times an advocate of peace, provided it could be obtained honorably and with credit to the United States. As to the cause of the Civil War, which side of Mason and Dixon's line was responsible for it, who fired the first shots, who were the aggressors, etc., Lincoln did not seem to bother about; he wanted to preserve the Union, above all things. Slavery, he was assured, was dead, but he thought the former slaveholders should be recompensed.

To illustrate his feelings in the matter he told this story:

"Some of the supporters of the Union cause are opposed to accommodate or yield to the South in any manner or way because the Confederates began the war; were determined to take their States out of the Union, and, consequently, should be held responsible to the last stage for whatever may come in the future. Now this reminds me of a good story I heard once, when I lived in Illinois.

"A vicious bull in a pasture took after everybody who tried to cross the lot, and one day a neighbor of the owner was the victim. This man was a speedy fellow and got to a friendly tree ahead of the bull, but not in time to climb the tree. So he led the enraged animal a merry race around the tree, finally succeeding in seizing the bull by the tail.

"The bull, being at a disadvantage, not able to either catch the man or release his tail, was mad enough to eat nails; he dug up the earth with his feet, scattered gravel all around, bellowed until you could hear him for two

miles or more, and at length broke into a dead run, the man hanging onto his tail all the time.

"While the bull, much out of temper, was legging it to the best of his ability, his tormentor, still clinging to the tail, asked, 'Darn you, who commenced this fuss?'

"It's our duty to settle this fuss at the earliest possible moment, no matter who commenced it. That's my idea of it."

HIS "GLASS HACK"

President Lincoln had not been in the White House very long before Mrs. Lincoln became seized with the idea that a fine new barouche was about the proper thing for "the first lady in the land." The President did not care particularly about it one way or the other, and told his wife to order whatever she wanted.

Lincoln forgot all about the new vehicle, and was overcome with astonishment one afternoon when, having acceded to Mrs. Lincoln's desire to go driving, he found a beautiful barouche standing in front of the door of the White House.

His wife watched him with an amused smile, but the only remark he made was, "Well, Mary, that's about the slickest 'glass hack' in town, isn't it?"

WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

"What made the deepest impression upon you?" inquired a friend one day, "when you stood in the presence of the Falls of Niagara, the greatest of natural wonders?"

"The thing that struck me most forcibly when I saw

the Falls," Lincoln responded, with characteristic deliberation, " was, where in the world did all that water come from? "

EASIER TO EMPTY THE POTOMAC

An officer of low volunteer rank persisted in telling and re-telling his troubles to the President on a summer afternoon when Lincoln was tired and careworn.

After listening patiently, he finally turned upon the man, and, looking wearily out upon the broad Potomac in the distance, said in a peremptory tone that ended the interview:

" Now, my man, go away, go away. I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac River with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army."

" AND YOU DON'T WEAR HOOPSKIRTS "

An Ohio Senator had an appointment with President Lincoln at six o'clock, and as he entered the vestibule of the White House his attention was attracted toward a poorly clad young woman, who was violently sobbing. He asked her the cause of her distress. She said she had been ordered away by the servants, after vainly waiting many hours to see the President about her only brother, who had been condemned to death. Her story was this:

She and her brother were foreigners, and orphans. They had been in this country several years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but, through bad influences,

was induced to desert. He was captured, tried and sentenced to be shot — the old story.

The poor girl had obtained the signatures of some persons who had formerly known him, to a petition for a pardon, and alone had come to Washington to lay the case before the President. Thronged as the waiting-rooms always were, she had passed the long hours of two days trying in vain to get an audience, and had at length been ordered away.

The gentleman's feelings were touched. He said to her that he had come to see the President, but did not know as he should succeed. He told her, however, to follow him upstairs, and he would see what could be done for her.

Just before reaching the door, Mr. Lincoln came out, and, meeting his friend, said good-humoredly, "Are you not ahead of time?" The gentleman showed him his watch, with the hand upon the hour of six.

"Well," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I have been so busy to-day that I have not had time to get a lunch. Go in and sit down; I will be back directly."

The gentleman made the young woman accompany him into the office, and when they were seated, said to her: "Now, my good girl, I want you to muster all the courage you have in the world. When the President comes back, he will sit down in that armchair. I shall get up to speak to him, and as I do so you must force yourself between us, and insist upon his examination of your papers, telling him it is a case of life and death, and admits of no delay."

These instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Lincoln was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but observing her dis-

tressed appearance, he ceased conversation with his friend, and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands.

Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment, and then his eye fell upon her scanty but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up.

"My poor girl," said he, "you have come here with no Governor, or Senator, or member of Congress to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful; and you don't wear hoopskirts — and I will be whipped but I will pardon your brother." And he did.

"AARON GOT HIS COMMISSION"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was censured for appointing one that had zealously opposed his second term.

He replied: "Well, I suppose Judge E., having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly, but that wouldn't make him any less fit for the place; and I think I have Scriptural authority for appointing him.

"You remember when the Lord was on Mount Sinai getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god for the people to worship. Yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

STORIES BETTER THAN DOCTORS

A GENTLEMAN, visiting a hospital at Washington, heard an occupant of one of the beds laughing and talking about the President, who had been there a short time before and gladdened the wounded with some of his

stories. The soldier seemed in such good spirits that the gentleman inquired:

"You must be very slightly wounded?"

"Yes," replied the brave fellow, "very slightly — I have only lost one leg, and I'd be glad enough to lose the other, if I could hear some more of 'Old Abe's' stories."

THE GENERAL WAS "HEADED IN"

A Union general, operating with his command in West Virginia, allowed himself and his men to be trapped, and it was feared his force would be captured by the Confederates. The President heard the report read by the operator, as it came over the wire, and remarked:

"Once there was a man out West who was 'heading' a barrel, as they used to call it. He worked like a good fellow in driving down the hoops, but just about the time he thought he had the job done, the head would fall in. Then he had to do the work all over again.

"All at once a bright idea entered his brain, and he wondered how it was he hadn't figured it out before. His boy, a bright, smart lad, was standing by, very much interested in the business, and, lifting the young one up, he put him inside the barrel, telling him to hold the head in its proper place, while he pounded down the hoops on the sides. This worked like a charm, and he soon had the 'heading' done.

"Then he realized that his boy was inside the barrel, and how to get him out he couldn't for his life figure out. General Blank is now inside the barrel, 'headed in,' and the job now is to get him out."

IT TICKLED THE LITTLE WOMAN

Lincoln had been in the telegraph office at Springfield during the casting of the first and second ballots in the Republican National Convention at Chicago, and then left and went over to the office of the State Journal, where he was sitting conversing with friends while the third ballot was being taken.

In a few moments came across the wires the announcement of the result. The superintendent of the telegraph company wrote on a scrap of paper: "Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot," and a boy ran with the message to Lincoln.

He looked at it in silence, amid the shouts of those around him; then rising and putting it in his pocket, he said quietly: "There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this; I'll go down and tell her."

NO KIND TO GET TO HEAVEN ON

Two ladies from Tennessee called at the White House one day and begged Mr. Lincoln to release their husbands, who were rebel prisoners at Johnson's Island. One of the fair petitioners urged as a reason for the liberation of her husband that he was a very religious man, and rang the changes on this pious plea.

"Madam," said Mr. Lincoln, "you say your husband is a religious man. Perhaps I am not a good judge of such matters, but in my opinion the religion that makes men rebel and fight against their government is not the genuine article; nor is the religion the right sort which reconciles them to the idea of eating their bread in the

sweat of other men's faces. It is not the kind to get to heaven on."

Later, however, the order of release was made, President Lincoln remarking, with impressive solemnity, that he would expect the ladies to subdue the rebellious spirit of their husbands, and to that end he thought it would be well to reform their religion.

"True patriotism," said he, "is better than the wrong kind of piety."

THE APPLE WOMAN'S PASS

One day when President Lincoln was receiving callers a buxom Irish woman came into the office, and, standing before the President, with her hands on her hips, said:

"Mr. Lincoln, can't I sell apples on the railroad?"

President Lincoln replied: "Certainly, madam, you can sell all you wish."

"But," she said, "you must give me a pass, or the soldiers will not let me."

President Lincoln then wrote a few lines and gave them to her.

"Thank you, sir; God bless you!" she exclaimed as she departed joyfully.

SPLIT RAILS BY THE YARD

It was in the spring of 1830 that "Abe" Lincoln, "wearing a jean jacket, shrunken buckskin trousers, a coonskin cap, and driving an ox-team," became a citizen of Illinois. He was physically and mentally equipped for pioneer work. His first desire was to obtain a new

and decent suit of clothes, but, as he had no money, he was glad to arrange with Nancy Miller to make him a pair of trousers, he to split four hundred fence rails for each yard of cloth — fourteen hundred rails in all. "Abe" got the clothes after awhile.

It was three miles from his father's cabin to her woodlot, where he made the forest ring with the sound of his ax. "Abe" had helped his father plow fifteen acres of land, and split enough rails to fence it, and he then helped to plow fifty acres for another settler.

NOT AS SMOOTH AS HE LOOKED

Mr. Lincoln's skill in parrying troublesome questions was wonderful. Once he received a call from Congressman John Ganson, of Buffalo, one of the ablest lawyers in New York, who, although a Democrat, supported all of Mr. Lincoln's war measures. Mr. Ganson wanted explanations. Mr. Ganson was very bald with a perfectly smooth face. He had a most direct and aggressive way of stating his views or of demanding what he thought he was entitled to. He said: "Mr. Lincoln, I have supported all of your measures and think I am entitled to your confidence. We are voting and acting in the dark in Congress, and I demand to know — think I have the right to ask and to know — what is the present situation, and what are the prospects and conditions of the several campaigns and armies."

Mr. Lincoln looked at him critically for a moment and then said: "Ganson, how clean you shave!"

Most men would have been offended, but Ganson was too broad and intelligent a man not to see the point and retire at once, satisfied, from the field.

"I'D A BEEN MISSED BY MYSE'F"

THE President did not consider that every soldier who ran away in battle, or did not stand firmly to receive a bayonet charge, was a coward. He was of opinion that self-preservation was the first law of Nature, but he didn't want this statute construed too liberally by the troops.

At the same time he took occasion to illustrate a point he wished to make by a story in connection with a darky who was a member of the Ninth Illinois Infantry Regiment. This regiment was one of those engaged at the capture of Fort Donelson. It behaved gallantly, and lost as heavily as any.

"Upon the hurricane-deck of one of our gunboats," said the President in telling the story, "I saw an elderly darky, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation.

"As the negro rather interested me, I made some inquiries, and found that he had really been with the Ninth Illinois Infantry at Donelson, and began to ask him some questions about the capture of the place.

"'Were you in the fight?'

"'Had a little taste of it, sa.'

"'Stood your ground, did you?'

"'No, sa, I runs.'

"'Run at the first fire, did you?'

"'Yes, sa, and would hab run soona, had I knowd it war comin'.'

"'Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage.'

"'Dat isn't my line, sa — cookin's my profeshun.'

"'Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?'

"'Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life.'

"'Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?'

"'It's worth more to me, sa.'

"'Then you must value it very highly?'

"'Yes, sa, I does, more dan all dis wuld, more dan a a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self-preservation am de fust law wid me.'

"'But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?'

"'Different men set different values on their lives; mine is not in de market.'

"'But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country.'

"'Dat no satisfaction when feelin's gone.'

"'Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?'

"'Nufin whatever, sa — I regard them as among the vanities.'

"'If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance.'

"'Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'g'inst any gobernment dat eber existed, for no gobernment could replace de loss to me.'

"'Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?'

"'Maybe not, sa — a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga — but I'd a missed myse'f, and dat was de p'int wid me.'

"I only tell this story," concluded the President, "in order to illustrate the result of the tactics of some of the

Union generals who would be sadly 'missed' by themselves, if no one else, if they ever got out of the Army."

EVEN REBELS OUGHT TO BE SAVED

The Rev. Mr. Shrigley, of Philadelphia, a Universalist, had been nominated for hospital chaplain, and a protesting delegation went to Washington to see President Lincoln on the subject.

"We have called, Mr. President, to confer with you in regard to the appointment of Mr. Shrigley, of Philadelphia, as hospital chaplain."

The President responded: "Oh, yes, gentlemen. I have sent his name to the Senate, and he will no doubt be confirmed at an early date."

One of the young men replied: "We have not come to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination."

"Ah!" said Lincoln, "that alters the case; but on what grounds do you wish the nomination withdrawn?"

The answer was: "Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological opinions."

The President inquired: "On what question is the gentleman unsound?"

Response: "He does not believe in endless punishment; not only so, sir, but he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved."

"Is that so?" inquired the President.

The members of the committee responded, "Yes, yes."

"Well, gentlemen, if that be so, and there is any way under Heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then,

for God's sake and their sakes, let the man be appointed."

The Rev. Mr. Shrigley was appointed, and served until the close of the war.

TOOK NOTHING BUT MONEY

During the War Congress appropriated $10,000 to be expended by the President in defending United States Marshals in cases of arrests and seizures where the legality of their actions was tested in the courts. Previously the Marshals sought the assistance of the Attorney-General in defending them, but when they found that the President had a fund for that purpose they sought to control the money.

In speaking of these Marshals one day, Mr. Lincoln said:

"They are like a man in Illinois, whose cabin was burned down, and, according to the kindly custom of early days in the West, his neighbors all contributed something to start him again. In his case they had been so liberal that he soon found himself better off than before the fire, and he got proud. One day a neighbor brought him a bag of oats, but the fellow refused it with scorn.

"'No,' said he, 'I'm not taking oats now. I take nothing but money.'"

"HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF THIS PLACE?"

"It seems to me," remarked the President one day while reading over some of the appealing telegrams sent to the War Department by General McClellan, "that

McClellan has been wandering around and has sort of got lost. He's been hollering for help ever since he went South — wants somebody to come to his deliverance and get him out of the place he's got into.

"He reminds me of the story of a man out in Illinois who, in company with a number of friends, visited the State penitentiary. They wandered all through the institution and saw everything, but just about the time to depart this particular man became separated from his friends and couldn't find his way out.

"He roamed up and down one corridor after another, becoming more desperate all the time, when, at last, he came across a convict who was looking out from between the bars of his cell-door. Here was salvation at last. Hurrying up to the prisoner he hastily asked:

"'Say! How do you get out of this place?'"

GOOD MEMORY OF NAMES

The following story illustrates the power of Mr. Lincoln's memory of names and faces. When he was a comparatively young man, and a candidate for the Illinois Legislature, he made a personal canvass of the district. While "swinging around the circle" he stopped one day and took dinner with a farmer in Sangamon county.

Years afterward, when Mr. Lincoln had become President, a soldier came to call on him at the White House. At the first glance the Chief Executive said: "Yes, I remember; you used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you when I was running for the Legislature. I recollect that we stood talking out at the barnyard gate while I sharpened my jack-knife."

"Y-a-a-s," drawled the soldier, "you did. But say, wherever did you put that whetstone? I looked for it a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We allowed as how mabby you took it 'long with you."

"No," said Lincoln, looking serious and pushing away a lot of documents of state from the desk in front of him. "No, I put it on top of that gatepost — that high one."

"Well!" exclaimed the visitor, "mabby you did. Couldn't anybody else have put it there, and none of us ever thought of looking there for it."

The soldier was then on his way home, and when he got there the first thing he did was to look for the whetstone. And sure enough, there it was, just where Lincoln had laid it fifteen years before. The honest fellow wrote a letter to the Chief Magistrate, telling him that the whetstone had been found, and would never be lost again.

WHY LINCOLN GREW WHISKERS

Perhaps the majority of people in the United States don't know why Lincoln "growed" whiskers after his first nomination for the Presidency. Before that time his face was clean shaven.

In the beautiful village of Westfield, Chautauqua county, New York, there lived, in 1860, little Grace Bedell. During the campaign of that year she saw a portrait of Lincoln, for whom she felt the love and reverence that was common in Republican families, and his smooth, homely face rather disappointed her. She said to her mother: "I think, mother, that Mr. Lincoln

would look better if he wore whiskers, and I mean to write and tell him so."

The mother gave her permission.

Grace's father was a Republican; her two brothers were Democrats. Grace wrote at once to the "Hon. Abraham Lincoln, Esq., Springfield, Illinois," in which she told him how old she was, and where she lived; that she was a Republican; that she thought he would make a good President, but would look better if he would let his whiskers grow. If he would do so, she would try to coax her brothers to vote for him. She thought the rail fence around the picture of his cabin was very pretty. "If you have not time to answer my letter, will you allow your little girl to reply for you?"

Lincoln was much pleased with the letter, and decided to answer it, which he did at once, as follows:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, October 19, 1860.

"*Miss Grace Bedell.*

"MY DEAR LITTLE MISS: Your very agreeable letter of the fifteenth is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons; one seventeen, one nine and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin it now?

"Your very sincere well-wisher, A. LINCOLN."

When on the journey to Washington to be inaugurated, Lincoln's train stopped at Westfield. He recollected his little correspondent and spoke of her to ex-Lieutenant Governor George W. Patterson, who called out and asked if Grace Bedell was present.

There was a large surging mass of people gathered

about the train, but Grace was discovered at a distance; the crowd opened a pathway to the coach, and she came, timidly but gladly, to the President-elect, who told her that she might see that he had allowed his whiskers to grow at her request. Then, reaching out his long arms, he drew her up to him and kissed her. The act drew an enthusiastic demonstration of approval from the multitude.

Grace married a Kansas banker, and became Grace Bedell Billings.

FASCINATED BY THE WONDERFUL

Lincoln was particularly fascinated by the wonderful happenings recorded in history. He loved to read of those mighty events which had been foretold, and often brooded upon these subjects. His early convictions upon occult matters led him to read all books tending to strengthen these convictions.

The following lines, in Byron's "Dream," were frequently quoted by him:

> "Sleep hath its own world,
> A boundary between the things misnamed
> Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world
> And a wide realm of wild reality.
> And dreams in their development have breath,
> And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
> They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
> They take a weight from off our waking toils,
> They do divide our being."

Those with whom he was associated in his early youth and young manhood, and with whom he was always in cordial sympathy, were thorough believers

in presentiments and dreams; and so Lincoln drifted on through years of toil and exceptional hardship — meditative, aspiring, certain of his star, but appalled at times by its malignant aspect. Many times prior to his first election to the Presidency he was both elated and alarmed by what seemed to him a rent in the veil which hides from mortal view what the future holds.

He saw, or thought he saw, a vision of glory and of blood, himself the central figure in a scene which his fancy transformed from giddy enchantment to the most appalling tragedy.

SENTINEL OBEYED ORDERS

It was a cold, blusterous winter night, says Mr. C. C. Buel:

"Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside, and stand guard there.'

"'My orders keep me out here,' the soldier replied.

"'Yes,' said the President, in his argumentative tone; 'but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.'

"'I have been stationed outside,' the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"'Hold on there!' said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; 'it occurs to me that I am Commander-in-Chief of the army, and I order you to go inside.'"

"YANKEE" GOODNESS OF HEART

One day, when the President was with the troops who were fighting at the front, the wounded, both Union and Confederate, began to pour in.

As one stretcher was passing Lincoln, he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. Stopping the carriers, he knelt, and bending over him, asked: "What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"Oh, you will do nothing for me," he replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope that my message to my mother will ever reach her."

Lincoln, in tears, his voice full of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and he gave his good-by words without reserve.

The President directed them copied, and ordered that they be sent that night, with a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines.

NO "SECOND COMING" FOR SPRINGFIELD

Soon after the opening of Congress in 1861, Mr. Shannon, from California, made the customary call at the White House. In the conversation that en-

sued, Mr. Shannon said: "Mr. President, I met an old friend of yours in California last summer, a Mr. Campbell, who had a good deal to say of your Springfield life."

"Ah," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I am glad to hear of him. Campbell used to be a dry fellow in those days," he continued. "For a time he was Secretary of State. One day during the legislative vacation, a meek, cadaverous-looking man, with a white neckcloth, introduced himself to him at his office, and, stating that he had been informed that Mr. C. had the letting of the hall of representatives, he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield.

"'May I ask,' said the Secretary, 'what is to be the subject of your lectures?'

"'Certainly,' was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. 'The course I wish to deliver is on the Second Coming of our Lord.'

"'It is of no use,' said C.; 'if you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that, if the Lord has been in Springfield once, He will never come the second time!'"

IT WAS A FINE FIZZLE

President Lincoln, in company with General Grant, was inspecting the Dutch Gap Canal at City Point. "Grant, do you know what this reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Ill., there was a blacksmith who, not having much to do, took a piece of soft iron and attempted to weld it into an agricultural imple-

ment, but discovered that the iron would not hold out; then he concluded it would make a claw hammer; but having too much iron, attempted to make an ax, but decided after working awhile that there was not enough iron left. Finally, becoming disgusted, he filled the forge full of coal and brought the iron to a white heat; then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed: 'Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle, anyhow.'" "I was afraid that was about what we had done with the Dutch Gap Canal," said General Grant.

A TEETOTALER

When Lincoln was in the Black Hawk War as captain, the volunteer soldiers drank in with delight the jests and stories of the tall captain. Æsop's Fables were given a new dress, and the tales of the wild adventures that he had brought from Kentucky and Indiana were many, but his inspiration was never stimulated by recourse to the whisky jug.

When his grateful and delighted auditors pressed this on him he had one reply: "Thank you, I never drink it."

SURE CURE FOR BOILS

President Lincoln and Postmaster-General Blair were talking of the war. "Blair," said the President, "did you ever know that fright has sometimes proven a cure for boils?" "No, Mr. President, how is that?" "I'll tell you. Not long ago when a colo-

nel, with his cavalry, was at the front, and the Rebs were making things rather lively for us, the colonel was ordered out to a reconnoissance. He was troubled at the time with a big boil where it made horseback riding decidedly uncomfortable. He finally dismounted and ordered the troops forward without him. Soon he was startled by the rapid reports of pistols and the helter-skelter approach of his troops in full retreat before a yelling rebel force. He forgot everything but the yells, sprang into his saddle, and made capital time over the fences and ditches till safe within the lines. The pain from his boil was gone, and the boil, too, and the colonel swore that there was no cure for boils so sure as fright from rebel yells."

WISHED JEFF WOULD SKIP

At an informal Cabinet meeting, at which the disposition of Jefferson Davis and other prominent Confederates was discussed, each member of the Cabinet gave his opinion; most of them were for hanging the traitors, or for some severe punishment. President Lincoln said nothing.

Finally, Joshua F. Speed, his old and confidential friend, who had been invited to the meeting, said, "I have heard the opinion of your Ministers, and would like to hear yours."

"Well, Josh," replied President Lincoln, "when I was a boy in Indiana, I went to a neighbor's house one morning and found a boy of my own size holding a coon by a string. I asked him what he had and what he was doing.

"He says, 'It's a coon. Dad cotched six last night,

and killed all but this poor little cuss. Dad told me to hold him until he came back, and I'm afraid he's going to kill this one too; and oh, "Abe," I do wish he would get away!'

"'Well, why don't you let him loose?'

"'That wouldn't be right; and if I let him go, Dad would give me h—. But if he got away himself, it would be all right.'

"Now," said the President, "if Jeff Davis and those other fellows will only get away, it will be all right. But if we should catch them, and I should let them go, 'Dad would give me h—!'"

MAJOR ANDERSON'S BAD MEMORY

Among the men whom Captain Lincoln met in the Black Hawk campaign were Lieutenant-Colonel Zachary Taylor, Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and Lieutenant Robert Anderson, all of the United States Army.

Judge Arnold, in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln," relates that Lincoln and Anderson did not meet again until some time in 1861. After Anderson had evacuated Fort Sumter, on visiting Washington, he called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. Lincoln expressed his thanks to Anderson for his conduct at Fort Sumter, and then said:

"Major, do you remember of ever meeting me before?"

"No, Mr. President, I have no recollection of ever having had that pleasure."

"My memory is better than yours," said Lincoln; "you mustered me into the service of the United

States in 1832, at Dixon's Ferry, in the Black Hawk war."

THE MAN DOWN SOUTH

An amusing instance of the President's preoccupation of mind occurred at one of his levees, when he was shaking hands with a host of visitors passing him in a continuous stream.

An intimate acquaintance received the usual conventional hand-shake and salutation, but perceiving that he was not recognized, kept his ground instead of moving on, and spoke again, when the President, roused to a dim consciousness that something unusual had happened, perceived who stood before him, and, seizing his friend's hand, shook it again heartily, saying:

"How do you do? How do you do? Excuse me for not noticing you. I was thinking of a man down South."

"The man down South" was General W. T. Sherman, then on his march to the sea.

"FOOLING THE PEOPLE"

Lincoln was a strong believer in the virtue of dealing honestly with the people.

"If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow-citizens," he said to a caller at the White House, "you can never regain their respect and esteem.

"It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

SORRY FOR THE HORSES

When President Lincoln heard of the Confederate raid at Fairfax, in which a brigadier-general and a number of valuable horses were captured he gravely observed:

"Well, I am sorry for the horses."

"Sorry for the horses, Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of War, raising his spectacles and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it is not easy to replace a hundred and ten horses."

A FORTUNE-TELLER'S PREDICTION

Lincoln had been born and reared among people who were believers in premonitions and supernatural appearances all his life, and he once declared to his friends that he was "from boyhood superstitious."

He at one time said to Judge Arnold that "the near approach of the important events of his life were indicated by a presentiment or a strange dream, or in some other mysterious way it was impressed upon him that something important was to occur." This was earlier than 1850.

It is said that on his second visit to New Orleans, Lincoln and his companion, John Hanks, visited an old fortune-teller — a voodoo negress. Tradition says that "during the interview she became very much excited, and after various predictions, exclaimed: 'You will be President, and all the negroes will be free.'"

That the old voodoo negress should have foretold

that the visitor would be President is not at all incredible. She doubtless told this to many aspiring lads, but Lincoln, so it is avowed, took the prophecy seriously.

KEPT HIS COURAGE UP

The President, like old King Saul, when his term was about to expire, was in a quandary concerning a further lease of the Presidential office. He consulted again the "prophetess" of Georgetown, immortalized by his patronage.

She retired to an inner chamber, and, after raising and consulting more than a dozen of distinguished spirits from Hades, she returned to the reception-parlor, where the chief magistrate awaited her, and declared that General Grant would capture Richmond, and that "Honest Old Abe" would be next President.

She, however, as the report goes, told him to beware of Chase.

NO SUPERFLUOUS LANGUAGE

Cabinet meeting was called to consider our relations with England in regard to the Mason-Slidell affair. One after another of the Cabinet presented his views, and Mr. Seward read an elaborate diplomatic dispatch, which he had prepared.

Finally Mr. Lincoln read what he termed "a few brief remarks upon the subject," and asked the opinions of his auditors. They unanimously agreed that our side of the question needed no more argument than

was contained in the President's "few brief remarks."

Mr. Seward said he would be glad to adopt the remarks, and, giving them more of the phraseology usual in diplomatic circles, send them to Lord Palmerston, the British premier.

"Then," said Secretary Stanton, "came the demonstration. The President, half wheeling in his seat, threw one leg over the chair-arm, and, holding the letter in his hand, said, "Seward, do you suppose Palmerston will understand our position from that letter, just as it is?'

"'Certainly, Mr. President.'

"'Do you suppose the London *Times* will?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Do you suppose the average Englishman of affairs will?'

"'Certainly; it cannot be mistaken in England.'

"'Do you suppose that a hackman out on his box (pointing to the street) will understand it?'

"'Very readily, Mr. President.'

"'Very well, Seward, I guess we'll let her slide just as she is.'

"And the letter did 'slide,' and settled the whole business in a manner that was effective."

WOULDN'T HOLD THE TITLE AGAINST HIM

During the rebellion the Austrian Minister to the United States Government introduced to the President a count, a subject of the Austrian government, who was desirous of obtaining a position in the American army. Being introduced by the accredited Minister of

Austria he required no further recommendation to secure the appointment; but, fearing that his importance might not be fully appreciated by the republican President, the count was particular in impressing the fact upon him that he bore that title, and that his family was ancient and highly respectable.

President Lincoln listened with attention, until this unnecessary commendation was mentioned; then, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he tapped the aristocratic sprig of hereditary nobility on the shoulder in the most fatherly way, as if the gentleman had made a confession of some unfortunate circumstance connected with his lineage, for which he was in no way responsible, and said:

"Never mind, you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that. I will see to it that your bearing a title shan't hurt you."

BIG ENOUGH HOG FOR HIM

To a curiosity-seeker who desired a permit to pass the lines to visit the field of Bull Run, after the first battle, Lincoln made the following reply: "A man in Cortlandt county raised a porker of such unusual size that strangers went out of their way to see it.

"One of them the other day met the old gentleman and inquired about the animal.

"'Wall, yes,' the old fellow said, 'I've got such a critter, mi'ty big un; but I guess I'll have to charge you about a shillin' for lookin' at him.'

"The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so, pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him and

started to go off. 'Hold on,' said the other. 'Don't you want to see the hog?'

"'No,' said the stranger; 'I have seen as big a hog as I want to see!'

"And you will find that fact the case with yourself, if you should happen to see a few live rebels there as well as dead ones."

THE "CHICKEN" FIGHT

"Bap." McNabb was famous for his ability in both the raising and the purchase of roosters of prime fighting quality, and when his birds fought the attendance was large. It was because of the "flunking" of one of "Bap.'s" roosters that Lincoln was enabled to make a point when criticising McClellan's unreadiness and lack of energy.

One night there was a fight on the schedule, one of "Bap." McNabb's birds being a contestant. "Bap." brought a little red rooster, whose fighting qualities had been well advertised for days in advance, and much interest was manifested in the outcome. As the result of these contests was generally a quarrel, in which each man, charging foul play, seized his victim, they chose Lincoln umpire, relying not only on his fairness but his ability to enforce his decisions. Judge Herndon, in his "Abraham Lincoln," says of this notable event:

"I cannot improve on the description furnished me in February, 1865, by one who was present.

"They formed a ring, and the time having arrived, Lincoln, with one hand on each hip and in a squatting position, cried, 'Ready.' Into the ring they toss their

fowls, 'Bap.'s' red rooster along with the rest. But no sooner had the little beauty discovered what was to be done than he dropped his tail and ran.

"The crowd cheered, while 'Bap.,' in disappointment, picked him up and started away, losing his quarter (entrance fee) and carrying home his dishonored fowl. Once arrived at the latter place he threw his pet down with a feeling of indignation and chagrin.

"The little fellow, out of sight of all rivals, mounted a woodpile and proudly flirting out his feathers, crowed with all his might. 'Bap.' looked on in disgust.

"'Yes, you little cuss,' he exclaimed, irreverently, 'you're great on dress parade, but not worth a darn in a fight.'"

It is said, according to Judge Herndon, that Lincoln considered McClellan as "great on dress parade," but not so much in a fight.

MORE LIGHT AND LESS NOISE

The President was bothered to death by those persons who boisterously demanded that the War be pushed vigorously; also, those who shouted their advice and opinions into his weary ears, but who never suggested anything practical. These fellows were not in the army, nor did they ever take any interest, in a personal way, in military matters, except when engaged in dodging drafts.

"That reminds me," remarked Mr. Lincoln one day, "of a farmer who lost his way on the Western frontier. Night came on, and the embarrassments of his position were increased by a furious tempest which suddenly

burst upon him. To add to his discomfort, his horse had given out, leaving him exposed to all the dangers of the pitiless storm.

"The peals of thunder were terrific, the frequent flashes of lightning affording the only guide on the road as he resolutely trudged onward, leading his jaded steed. The earth seemed fairly to tremble beneath him in the war of elements. One bolt threw him suddenly upon his knees.

"Our traveler was not a prayerful man, but finding himself involuntarily brought to an attitude of devotion, he addressed himself to the Throne of Grace in the following prayer for his deliverance:

"'O God! hear my prayer this time, for Thou knowest it is not often that I call upon Thee. And, O Lord! if it is all the same to Thee, give us a little more light and a little less noise.'

"I wish," the President said, sadly, "there was a stronger disposition manifested on the part of our civilian warriors to unite in suppressing the rebellion, and a little less noise as to how and by whom the chief executive office shall be administered."

THE PRESIDENTIAL "CHIN-FLY"

Some of Mr. Lincoln's intimate friends once called his attention to a certain member of his Cabinet who was quietly working to secure a nomination for the Presidency, although knowing that Mr. Lincoln was to be a candidate for reëlection. His friends insisted that the Cabinet officer ought to be made to give up his Presidential aspirations or be removed from office. The situation reminded Mr. Lincoln of a story: "My

brother and I," he said, " were once plowing corn, I driving the horse and he holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion he rushed across the field so that I, with my long legs, could scarcely keep pace with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous chin-fly fastened upon him, and knocked him off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that's all that made him go.' Now," said Mr. Lincoln, " if Mr. —— has a Presidential chin-fly biting him, I'm not going to knock him off, if it will only make his department go."

EQUINE INGRATITUDE

President Lincoln, while eager that the United States troops should be supplied with the most modern and serviceable weapons, often took occasion to put his foot down upon the mania for experimenting with which some of his generals were afflicted. While engaged in these experiments much valuable time was wasted, the enemy was left to do as he thought best, no battles were fought, and opportunities for winning victories allowed to pass.

The President was an exceedingly practical man, and when an invention, idea or discovery was submitted to him, his first step was to ascertain how any or all of them could be applied in a way to be of benefit to the army. As to experimenting with " contrivances " which, to his mind, could never be put to practical use, he had little patience.

" Some of these generals," said he, " experiment

so long and so much with new-fangled, fancy notions that when they are finally brought to a head they are useless. Either the time to use them has gone by, or the machine, when put in operation, kills more than it cures.

" One of these generals, who has a scheme for ' condensing ' rations, is willing to swear his life away that his idea, when carried to perfection, will reduce the cost of feeding the Union troops to almost nothing, while the soldiers themselves will get so fat that they'll ' bust out ' of their uniforms. Of course, uniforms cost nothing, and real fat men are more active and vigorous than lean, skinny ones, but that is getting away from my story.

" There was once an Irishman — a cabman — who had a notion that he could induce his horse to live entirely on shavings. The latter he could get for nothing, while corn and oats were pretty high-priced. So he daily lessened the amount of food to the horse, substituting shavings for the corn and oats abstracted, so that the horse wouldn't know his rations were being cut down.

" However, just as he had achieved success in his experiment, and the horse had been taught to live without other food than shavings, the ungrateful animal ' up and died,' and he had to buy another."

TOO MANY PIGS FOR THE TEATS

A GENTLEMAN states in a Chicago journal: " In the winter of 1864, after serving three years in the Union Army, and being honorably discharged, I made application for the post sutlership at Point Lookout. My

father being interested, we made application to Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War.

"We obtained an audience, and were ushered into the presence of the most pompous man I ever met. As I entered he waved his hand for me to stop at a given distance from him, and then put these questions, viz.:

"'Did you serve three years in the army?'

"'I did, sir.'

"'Were you honorably discharged?'

"'I was, sir.'

"'Let me see your discharge.'

"I gave it to him. He looked it over, then said:

"'Were you ever wounded?'

"I told him yes, at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1861.

"He then said: 'I think we can give this position to a soldier who has lost an arm or leg, he being more deserving'; and he then said I looked hearty and healthy enough to serve three years more. He would not give me a chance to argue my case.

"The audience was at an end. He waved his hand to me. I was then dismissed from the august presence of the Honorable Secretary of War.

"My father was waiting for me in the hallway, who saw by my countenance that I was not successful. I said to my father:

"'Let us go over to Mr. Lincoln; he may give us more satisfaction.'

"He said it would do me no good, but we went over. Mr. Lincoln's reception room was full of ladies and gentlemen when we entered.

"My turn soon came. Lincoln turned to my father and said:

"'Now, gentlemen, be pleased to be as quick as possible with your business, as it is growing late.'

"My father then stepped up to Lincoln and introduced me to him. Lincoln then said:

"'Take a seat, gentlemen, and state your business as quickly as possible.'

"There was but one chair by Lincoln, so he motioned my father to sit, while I stood. My father stated the business to him as stated above. He then said:

"'Have you seen Mr. Stanton?'

"We told him yes, that he had refused. He (Mr. Lincoln) then said:

"'Gentlemen, this is Mr. Stanton's business; I cannot interfere with him; he attends to all these matters and I am sorry I cannot help you.'

"He saw that we were disappointed, and did his best to revive our spirits. He succeeded well with my father, who was a Lincoln man, and who was a staunch Republican.

"Mr. Lincoln then said:

"'Now, gentlemen, I will tell you what it is; I have thousands of applications like this every day, but we cannot satisfy all for this reason, that these positions are like office seekers — there are too many pigs for the teats.'

"The ladies who were listening to the conversation placed their handkerchiefs to their faces and turned away. But the joke of 'Old Abe' put us all in a good humor. We then left the presence of the greatest and

most just man who ever lived to fill the Presidential chair."

MENACE TO THE GOVERNMENT

The persistence of office-seekers nearly drove President Lincoln wild. They slipped in through the half-opened doors of the Executive Mansion; they dogged his steps if he walked; they edged their way through the crowds and thrust their papers in his hands when he rode; and, taking it all in all, they well-nigh worried him to death.

He once said that if the Government passed through the Rebellion without dismemberment there was the strongest danger of its falling a prey to the rapacity of the office-seeking class.

"This human struggle and scramble for office, for a way to live without work, will finally test the strength of our institutions," were the words he used.

TROOPS COULDN'T FLY OVER IT

On April 20th, a delegation from Baltimore appeared at the White House and begged the President that troops for Washington be sent around and not through Baltimore.

President Lincoln replied, laughingly: "If I grant this concession, you will be back to-morrow asking that no troops be marched 'around' it."

The President was right. That afternoon, and again on Sunday and Monday, committees sought him, protesting that Maryland soil should not be "polluted" by the feet of soldiers marching against the South.

The President had but one reply: "We must have troops, and as they can neither crawl under Maryland nor fly over it, they must come across it."

REBUKING A DOCTOR

Dr. Jerome Walker, of Brooklyn, told how Mr. Lincoln once administered to him a mild rebuke. The doctor was showing Mr. Lincoln through the hospital at City Point.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers," said Dr. Walker, "we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said: 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels.'

"I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean Confederates!' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men, as when he was among our own soldiers."

NO ROCKEFELLER

In February, 1860, not long before his nomination for the Presidency, Lincoln made several speeches in Eastern cities. To an Illinois acquaintance, whom he met at the Astor House, in New York, he said:

"I have the cottage at Springfield, and about three thousand dollars in money. If they make me Vice-President with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to twenty thousand, and that is as much as any man ought to want."

OUTRAN THE RABBIT

Mr. Lincoln enjoyed the description of how this Congressman led the race from Bull's Run, and laughed at it heartily.

"I never knew but one fellow who could run like that," he said, "and he was a young man out in Illinois. He had been sparking a girl, much against the wishes of her father. In fact, the old man took such a dislike to him that he threatened to shoot him if he ever caught him around his premises again.

"One evening the young man learned that the girl's father had gone to the city, and he ventured out to the house. He was sitting in the parlor, with his arm around Betsy's waist, when he suddenly spied the old man coming around the corner of the house with a shot-gun. Leaping through a window into the garden, he started down a path at the top of his speed. He was a long-legged fellow, and could run like greased lightning. Just then a jack-rabbit jumped up in the path in front of him. In about two leaps he overtook the rabbit. Giving it a kick that sent it high in the air, he exclaimed: 'Git out of the road, gosh dern you, and let somebody run that knows how.'

"I reckon," said Mr. Lincoln, "that the long-legged Congressman, when he saw the rebel muskets, must have felt a good deal like that young fellow did when he saw the old man's shot-gun."

IDENTIFIED THE COLORED MAN

Many applications reached Lincoln as he passed to and from the White House and the War Department. One day as he crossed the park he was stopped by a negro, who told him a pitiful story. The President wrote him out a check, which read: "Pay to colored man with one leg five dollars."

OFFICE SEEKERS WORSE THAN WAR

When the Republican party came into power, Washington swarmed with office-seekers. They overran the White House and gave the President great annoyance. The incongruity of a man in his position, and with the very life of the country at stake, pausing to appoint postmasters, struck Mr. Lincoln forcibly. "What is the matter, Mr. Lincoln," said a friend one day, when he saw him looking particularly grave and dispirited. "Has anything gone wrong at the front?"

"No," said the President, with a tired smile. "It isn't the war; it's the postoffice at Brownsville, Missouri."

WELCOMED THE LITTLE GIRLS

At a Saturday afternoon reception at the White House, many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception-room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them:

"Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?"

Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself.

SLEEP STANDING UP

McClellan was a thorn in Lincoln's side—"always up in the air," as the President put it — and yet he hesitated to remove him. "The Young Napoleon" was a good organizer, but no fighter. Lincoln sent him everything necessary in the way of men, ammunition, artillery and equipments, but he was forever unready.

Instead of making a forward movement at the time expected, he would notify the President that he must have more men. These were given him as rapidly as possible, and then would come a demand for more horses, more this and that, usually winding up with a demand for still "more men."

Lincoln bore it all in patience for a long time, but one day, when he had received another request for more men, he made a vigorous protest.

"If I gave McClellan all the men he asks for," said the President, "they couldn't find room to lie down. They'd have to sleep standing up."

"CAN'T SPARE THIS MAN"

One night, about eleven o'clock, Colonel A. K. McClure, whose intimacy with President Lincoln was so great that he could obtain admittance to the Executive Mansion at any and all hours, called at the White

House to urge Mr. Lincoln to remove General Grant from command.

After listening patiently for a long time, the President, gathering himself up in his chair, said, with the utmost earnestness:

"I can't spare this man; he fights!"

In relating the particulars of this interview, Colonel McClure said:

"That was all he said, but I knew that it was enough, and that Grant was safe in Lincoln's hands against his countless hosts of enemies. The only man in all the nation who had the power to save Grant was Lincoln, and he had decided to do it. He was not influenced by any personal partiality for Grant, for they had never met.

"It was not until after the battle of Shiloh, fought on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, that Lincoln was placed in a position to exercise a controlling influence in shaping the destiny of Grant. The first reports from the Shiloh battle-field created profound alarm throughout the entire country, and the wildest exaggerations were spread in a floodtide of vituperation against Grant.

"The few of to-day who can recall the inflamed condition of public sentiment against Grant caused by the disastrous first day's battle at Shiloh will remember that he was denounced as incompetent for his command by the public journals of all parties in the North, and with almost entire unanimity by Senators and Congressmen, regardless of political affinities.

"I appealed to Lincoln for his own sake to remove Grant at once, and in giving my reasons for it I simply voiced the admittedly overwhelming protest from the

loyal people of the land against Grant's continuance in command.

"I did not forget that Lincoln was the one man who never allowed himself to appear as wantonly defying public sentiment. It seemed to me impossible for him to save Grant without taking a crushing load of condemnation upon himself; but Lincoln was wiser than all those around him, and he not only saved Grant, but he saved him by such well-concerted effort that he soon won popular applause from those who were most violent in demanding Grant's dismissal."

JEFF DAVIS AND CHARLES THE FIRST

Jefferson Davis insisted on being recognized by his official title as commander or President in the regular negotiation with the Government. This Mr. Lincoln would not consent to.

Mr. Hunter thereupon referred to the correspondence between King Charles the First and his Parliament as a precedent for a negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: "Upon questions of history, I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head."

A GENERAL BUSTIFICATION

Many amusing stories are told of President Lincoln and his gloves. At about the time of his third reception he had on a tight-fitting pair of white kids, which

he had with difficulty got on. He saw approaching in the distance an old Illinois friend named Simpson, whom he welcomed with a genuine Sangamon county (Illeenoy) shake, which resulted in bursting his white kid glove, with an audible sound. Then, raising his brawny hand up before him, looking at it with an indescribable expression, he said, while the whole procession was checked, witnessing this scene:

"Well, my old friend, this is a general bustification. You and I were never intended to wear these things. If they were stronger they might do well enough to keep out the cold, but they are a failure to shake hands with between old friends like us. Stand aside, Captain, and I'll see you shortly."

Simpson stood aside, and after the unwelcome ceremony was terminated he rejoined his old Illinois friend in familiar intercourse.

THE DOG WAS AHEAD

Lincoln said one day, just after one of his bragging generals had been soundly thrashed by the Confederates:

"These fellows remind me of the fellow who owned a dog which, so he said, just hungered and thirsted to combat and eat up wolves. It was a difficult matter, so the owner declared, to keep that dog from devoting the entire twenty-four hours of each day to the destruction of his enemies. He just 'hankered' to get at them.

"One day a party of this dog-owner's friends thought to have some sport. These friends heartily disliked wolves, and were anxious to see the dog eat

up a few thousand. So they organized a hunting party and invited the dog-owner and the dog to go with them. They desired to be personally present when the wolf-killing was in progress.

"It was noticed that the dog-owner was not over-enthusiastic in the matter; he pleaded a 'business engagement,' but as he was the most notorious and torpid of the town loafers, and wouldn't have recognized a 'business engagement' had he met it face to face, his excuse was treated with contempt. Therefore he had to go.

"The dog, however, was glad enough to go, and so the party started out. Wolves were in plenty, and soon a pack was discovered, but when the 'wolf-hound' saw the ferocious animals he lost heart, and, putting his tail between his legs, endeavored to slink away. At last — after many trials — he was enticed into the small growth of underbrush where the wolves had secreted themselves, and yelps of terror betrayed the fact that the battle was on.

"Away flew the wolves, the dog among them, the hunting party following on horseback. The wolves seemed frightened, and the dog was restored to public favor. It really looked as if he had the savage creatures on the run, as he was fighting heroically when last sighted.

"Wolves and dog soon disappeared, and it was not until the party arrived at a distant farmhouse that news of the combatants was gleaned.

"'Have you seen anything of a wolf-dog and a pack of wolves around here?' was the question anxiously put to the male occupant of the house, who stood idly leaning upon the gate.

"'Yep,' was the short answer.

"'How were they going?'

"'Purty fast.'

"'What was their position when you saw them?'

"'Well,' replied the farmer, in a most exasperatingly deliberate way, 'the dog was a leetle bit ahead.'

"Now, gentlemen," concluded the President, "that's the position in which you'll find most of these bragging generals when they get into a fight with the enemy. That's why I don't like military orators."

GRANT "TUMBLED" RIGHT AWAY

General Grant told this story about Lincoln some years after the War:

"Just after receiving my commission as lieutenant-general the President called me aside to speak to me privately. After a brief reference to the military situation, he said he thought he could illustrate what he wanted to say by a story. Said he:

"'At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally they found a monkey by the name of Jocko, who said he thought he could command their army if his tail could be made a little longer. So they got more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage.

"'He looked at it admiringly, and then said he thought he ought to have still more tail. This was added, and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space.

"'Still he called for more tail, and, there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued his call for more, and they kept on winding the additional tail around him until its weight broke him down.'

"I saw the point, and, rising from my chair, replied, 'Mr. President, I will not call for any more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have.'"

FIVE-LEGGED CALF

President Lincoln had great doubt as to his right to emancipate the slaves under the War power. In discussing the question, he used to liken the case to that of the boy who, when asked how many legs his calf would have if he called its tail a leg, replied, "five," to which the prompt response was made that calling the tail a leg would not make it a leg.

INCIDENT IN LINCOLN'S LAST SPEECH

Edward, the conservative but dignified butler of the White House, was seen struggling with Tad and trying to drag him back from the window from which was waving a Confederate flag captured in some fight and given to the boy. Edward conquered and Tad, rushing to find his father, met him coming forward to make, as it proved, his last speech.

The speech began with these words, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart." Having his speech written in loose leaves, and being

compelled to hold a candle in the other hand, he would let the loose leaves drop to the floor one by one. Tad picked them up as they fell, and impatiently called for more as they fell from his father's hand.

LINCOLN'S LAST AFTERNOON

During the afternoon the President signed a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion, remarking as he did so, "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground."

He also approved an application for the discharge on taking the oath of allegiance, of a rebel prisoner, in whose petition he wrote, "Let it be done."

This act of mercy was his last official order.

LINCOLN'S RELIGION

He once remarked to a friend that his religion was like that of an old man named Glenn, in Indiana, whom he heard speak at a church meeting, and who said, "When I do good, I feel good; when I do bad, I feel bad; and that's my religion."

Mrs. Lincoln herself has said that Mr. Lincoln had no faith — no faith, in the usual acceptance of those words. "He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. He first seemed to think about the subject when our boy Willie died, and then more than ever about the time he went to Gettysburg; but it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he never was a technical Christian."

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

Delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery on the Gettysburg battle-field, November 19, 1863:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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